THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

No. 635. DECEMBER 1, 1912. Vol. LIII.

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A TEACHER OF THE SPIRIT.

"A questioner, scrupulous yet hopeful, a teacher of the spirit and doer from the heart,"—such is the characterization of Charles Eliot Norton given us by Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson in his memorial address before the Archæological Institute of America at the Toronto meeting of 1908. This address, together with a briefer one by Mr. William Fenwick Harris, is now published in a tastefully made volume by the Houghton Mifflin Co., and offers a welcome foretaste of what awaits us when the official biography of that great scholar and good citizen shall at last see the light.

"The written word abides, yet sometimes merely on shelves," once said Mr. Norton. It was rather by the spoken word, reinforced by the engaging personality of the speaker, that Norton influenced his contemporaries, and made them feel that he approached as closely as was humanly possible to that ideal type of the American gentleman which most of us cherish in the secret chambers of the heart. To countless men of the younger generation he seemed the ripe scholar, the wise counsellor, and the perfect friend, who embodied all the virtues best worth emulating, and his example stood forth as the fine flower of the great democratic experiment in which are centred the fairest hopes of mankind. It will be difficult for a future generation to realize all that Norton meant to those who were his contemporaries, and who were mentally and spiritually fitted to appreciate

the unerring taste and unfailing sanity that informed his outlook upon art and life. The printed page has preserved only a fraction of the utterances which constituted his influence, and even those are so scattered, in periodicals and in the books to which he contributed editorial matter, as to be inconvenient of access. No better service could be done the future than that of collecting these fugitive pages, and including them within the covers of two or three volumes.

Of Norton's sincere kindness and unselfish desire to be helpful, many instances are treasured by those who knew him. The following are given by Mr. Emerson:

"He kindly came to our little farming village, as Concord was forty years ago, to tell us about Turner in our Lyceum, and, unasked, not only brought ten of Turner's water-color sketches and bade me hang them in our public library for a week; but, hearing that two or three boys and girls had tried to copy them, wrote 'keep them a fortnight longer.' For a further instance of his great generosity, let me record that once, hearing of some one in Portland, Maine, who cared for Turner, he packed up and sent several of his own pictures thither. The great Portland fire came and destroyed them all."

Mr. Harris gives us these further instances:

"Professor George Herbert Palmer once told me a charming story which well illustrates the desire to serve and the kindliness of which I have spoken. In preparing the text for his edition of the poet whose name he bears, Palmer found it necessary to use the first edition of Herbert's works, but a copy was not to be had, although Quaritch, who is supposed to find anything, was authorized to offer an extravagant price for it. Learning that Norton possessed a copy, Palmer with some trepidation ventured to ask if he might use it for a day or so. Mr. Norton was leaving for his summer home at Ashfield, but nothing must do but Palmer should take the book for the summer. When not in use the treasure was carefully locked away in a safe, and was returned the day the owner came back from Ashfield. Mr. Norton listened with great interest to Palmer's account of the profit he had had from the book. Next morning the latter found a neat packet in his hall, with a note to this effect in Mr. Norton's exquisite handwriting:—

"'My Dear Palmer: I realized last night after you had gone, that this book belongs to you rather than to me. Will you please accept it?'

"Another story, one of many, illustrates the same qualities. A young instructor in Cambridge was keenly anxious to possess a certain book of rarity and price. Norton had a copy, and knew the younger man's desires. Meeting the instructor one day upon the street, Norton remarked quite casually, 'I have just seen a copy of your book at the Coöperative, and at a very reasonable price.' No time was lost in the purchase. It was only long afterwards that the happy possessor realized how strange it was that such a book should be in such a place at such a price."

These anecdotes serve to show how generously he gave himself and his possessions to those who were merely acquaintances or less than that. How he gave himself to the elect among his friends, to Ruskin and Carlyle and Clough and Stephen and FitzGerald and Lowell, may be read in the correspondence and journals of these men. Truly he had, like such men as Stedman and Howells, a genius for friendship.

Norton's undeviating advocacy of righteousness in public affairs, fearlessly undertaken when it meant opposition to popular clamor, made him a mark for the criticism of mean and malicious persons, and he suffered not a little from their attacks. He was called un-American because he championed the merit system in the civil service, and opposed the spirit of imperialism which so fatally undermined our national principles after the war with Spain. He could not "keep his ear to the ground," which he characterized as "surely not the attitude most favorable to catch the message from on high." He was called a pessimist because he would not admit that all was for the best in our triumphant democracy, and "was impatient of optimism, being too sensitive to the evils of his day, public and private, and the dangers already looming even over America as results of low standards in politics, in trade, in culture, in conduct, to be content in waiting for things to work out right in secular time." He was too passionate an idealist to observe these tendencies in silence. He lived in a time when, as he once wrote to a friend, "the advocates of culture and the maintenance of morality in politics find their best type in Mrs. Partington. At any rate, let us use our brooms as briskly as we can till the tide quite drowns us out." He never lost his faith in a spiritual purpose in the world, working "darkly, but O for good, for good," and never expressed that faith more strikingly than when, not long before his death, he told a friend that "if his life were to be lived again, he should like to live in Chicago, because he seemed to see working there, through the vulgarity and commercialism necessarily found in a young and prospering American town, a power for good, which would in time come to its own."

Mr. Harris, speaking of what Norton did for archæology, quotes a letter from Dr. Holmes referring to the work of the Archæological Institute. "It is going to dig up some gods in Greece—if it can get money enough. I suppose they may be required in some quarters to supply an apparent want." It was the "apparent want" symbolized by the gods of Greece that Norton made it his life work to attempt to supply—the want of reason in our thinking, and righteous-

ness in our public and private conduct, and beauty in our daily lives. Quoting Mr. Harris once more:

"That standard of true excellence to which he ever held himself, he insisted on for others, and men rallied about him all over the country. The simple existence of such a man with no private ends to serve, who is always ready and willing to tell his fellows the truth, and who does it clearly and unflinchingly, is a blessing to a community, demanding for its ennobling influence a gratitude that cannot be overpaid, stimulating and leading men to high achievement, and maintaining those qualities of dignity, of skill, and of high ideals which were so conspicuous in his own personality."

CURRENTS AND EDDIES IN THE HOLIDAY BOOK FLOOD.

An attempt to write a treatise on the book harvest of this holiday season, a harvest amounting to thousands of different works, would inevitably leave the writer filled with regret that he had not confined his attention to a small part of that bewildering whole, or even to a single author or volume. The German specialist who in his last years lamented that he had not devoted his life to one of the Greek particles, and not to them all, would have been scandalized at the thought of undertaking a survey of the tons of books that fall from the printing presses of the world in a single season. Yet the making of a few notes as one watches from a safe distance the yearly literary freshet may be permissible.

As usual, the great mass of this periodic flood is composed of books written or compiled in an honest, utilitarian, and wholly uninspired endeavor to produce something acceptable to the publisher and not distasteful to the reader. Literary skill, scholarly industry, abounding resourcefulness, and a keen instinct for the timely and for what shall be at least transiently interesting, with occasional revelations of curious learning or unusual scholarship, are all to be noted among the qualities contributing to the salability of the printed product, to which also the illustrator's art has added its welcome share in full measure. This stupendous total of plodding literary labor seems to be demanded, year after year, and the patient workers are not wanting to the task. One is reminded of that great majority among the bees and ants which consists of toilers fitted for their monotonous duties by certain expert manipulations in the pre-natal stage whereby they are enabled to perform their laborious part undistracted by the vivid emotions and errant impulses necessary to ensure the perpetuation of the race. Good workmanlike execution, without a gleam of inspiration, and with little or nothing of striking originality, is what we find in the great mass of printed matter issued in such impressive bulk and with so agreeable an accompaniment of exterior ornamentation and pictorial illustration, as the annual holiday season approaches. Of course no rule is without its conspicuous exceptions, and so in the great company of holiday books there are, first and last, not a few that deserve to live and will live after the season for which they are immediately provided is over. Every writer of a Christmas book is privileged to hope and does hope that his work may prove to be of this enduring sort.

Ever recurring in the Yuletide literary output are the volumes of apt selections pleasantly commemorating the Christmas season. "Christmas with the Poets," "Santa Claus in Song and Story," "The Yule Log in Legend and Tradition"—under such attractive titles appear, as surely as "Winter comes to rule the varied year," a sufficient number of handsomely bound and illustrated volumes which show off well on the drawing-room table and are gladly picked up and looked through by the caller waiting for my lady's appearance. Almost equally sure of publication is the annual volume on happiness, either a compilation from standard authors or an independent attempt to point the way to that elusive good which all the world is ever seeking and rarely holding in conscious possession. A considerable contribution is also annually made to the "literary landmarks" series, books showing diligent reading or at least much careful examination of a host of authors, in the search for topographical allusions or other matter suitable for this class of literary geography. "London in Literature," or "Paris in Poetry," or "Historic Haunts in Hong Kong," may be taken as typical forms of the title chosen for this rapidly growing series. Closely allied to it is the travel-book enriched with literary references and quotations, a kind of book that could be written without going outside the four walls of one's library, and probably is sometimes so written,—arm-chair travels, in short, both as to writer and reader.

At an appreciable remove from this general class of geographic-literary works stands the never-failing book of more or less matter-of-fact travel, a kind of literature that in these days must be either descriptive of strange lands, if there be any such still left, or the chronicle of journeyings in familiar lands under unusual conditions. "A Year with the Yookaghir Tribes," as a hypothetic example, would seem to promise more of novelty than "Our Summer in Switzerland"; and "Ballooning in the Balkans" or "Aeroplaning in the Andes" or "Across the Pacific in a Canoe" should offer more excitement than "Six Weeks in Europe" or "My Trip to Bermuda." The Tailed Head-Hunters of Borneo, and other Head-Hunters, presumably tailless, in the Philippines, have recently excited some curiosity among hardy explorers and novelty-seeking readers, and at least three substantial volumes, one English and two American, have very lately testified to this awakened interest. Of country-life books and nature-study books the already generous supply is this year still further increased, but with some moderation of zeal on the part of the so-called nature-fakirs. In the department of reprints, the sumptuously-illustrated holiday edition is every year becoming more conspicuous. Striking and often beautiful cover-designs, such as were unknown twenty years ago, and colored illus-

trations, often astonishing in their combination of gaudy hues, but of late showing marked artistic improvement, make their vehement appeal to the eye on every book-counter.

In the struggle for existence, a book published in these crowded days often owes much of its success or failure to its title. The invention of new and striking book-titles is becoming daily more difficult, though the rapid growth of our vocabulary helps to relieve the embarrassment. A short and apt and attention-compelling name every book that hopes for popular success must have. A title in fifteen or twenty lines, such as pleased our leisurely ancestors would not now be tolerated. For brevity nothing could well surpass the title of a current novel which calls itself "Who?" Another is entitled "C Q," self-explanatory and briefer than "The Wireless Man," which appears on the cover of another novel of the season. Familiar and even stale by this time is the title of which "The Rejuvenescence of Rehoboam" (though there is no such book) may be taken as the type. Not very dissimilar in form, and not unsuccessful in its appeal to curiosity, is the actual title, "The Woman of It." Among other rather unusual book-names this year may be noted the following,—"Cease Firing," "Why Women are So," "Do Something! Be Something!" "Around the Clock in Europe," "Martha-by-the-Day," and, beautifully descriptive of a collection of poems, "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass." Between "C Q" and "Hevy News of an horryble Erthquake which was in the Citie of Scarbaria, Morocco. In the present yere of xlii. The xiii. day of June. And also how that a Citie in Turky is sonke," there stretch nearly three and three-quarters centuries of development in the art of book-making and book-naming. Intolerably long and wearisome and taxing to the memory would those sixteenth-century book-titles be to us now; and unendurably abbreviated and whimsical and absurd would many of those of our day have seemed to our great-great-great-grandfathers. What book fashions, in respect to the minor details here briefly touched upon, the next three or four centuries shall develop, no man now living can even remotely conjecture.

On the whole, the season's literary stream leaves with the beholder sitting on the bank an impression of surprising volume and a disposition to wonder where all those tumbling waters will finally empty themselves. Also an image remains of the freshness and sparkle of many a ripple on the flood's surface, and at the same time a sense of calmer and stronger currents underneath, with a consciousness of the inevitable sediment that all great bodies of flowing water carry along for a while until it settles to its long rest on the ocean's bottom. And so the literary, like the physiographic, circulation goes ceaselessly on, year after year, bringing health and happiness and renewed life, and insuring against stagnation, mephitis, and their attendant ills.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

CASUAL COMMENT.

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S VARIETY IN UNITY is emphasized by Professor Edward Everett Hale in a study, contributed to the Boston "Transcript," of the German playwright to whom has just been awarded the 1912 Nobel Prize for literature. "Hauptmann is always Hauptmann," we are assured, but his methods of expression have a Protean diversity. "He does not, like some artists, gradually develop a form, a manner, a style by which we may know him. Zola perfects a method and a theory; we need not say he is always alike, but certainly his work is all of a piece. Henry James's later work differs from his earlier, but it is all a clear development and each step seems natural enough in view of the one before. George Meredith perfects his wonderful instrument and accustoms us to it. It is not so with all. Stevenson was always experimenting. One can never guess what Anatole France will produce. The leading dramatists of our day have usually held to a few resembling forms. . . . Maeterlinck, it is true, has written all kinds of things. But not even Maeterlinck has written in so many forms as Hauptmann. Hauptmann himself adds to the sense of diversity by giving curious names to his dramatic forms, a social drama, a thieves' comedy, a dream poem, a fairy tale play, a dramatic poem, a glass-house fairy tale, a Berlin tragi-comedy — these terms are not exactly the names of literary forms, but they certainly signify very different things." The writer finds, what perhaps few would look for, points of resemblance between the subject of his essay and Byron, and his study concerns itself with various other matters of interest to admirers of the German playwright.

* * *

FOGGY IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS are possessed by even maturer students than the fifty first-year college girls who, according to a writer in "The School World," were subjected to a simple test of their knowledge of the classic literature of their own tongue, and were found surprisingly deficient in the mere elements of the subject. A list of writers was given, comprising Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Dr. Johnson, Fielding, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and Browning, and it was required to place each in his or her half-century and name one of each writer's works. The chronology of the answers was amazing, Shakespeare being placed by some as late as the last half of the eighteenth century, and even in the first half of the nineteenth, Milton anywhere from the thirteenth to the nineteenth, and Wordsworth and Tennyson as far back as the sixteenth, with Chaucer ranging over nearly the whole of the Christian era. But all the girls were safe when it came to naming a work by Shakespeare and one by Milton, while forty were equally at home with their Chaucer, Scott, Ten-

Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. Thirty showed the same familiarity with Spenser, Pope, and Wordsworth. But all these names were on the list of college entrance requirements. Ben Jonson, Fielding, and Rossetti, however, not being on the list, were correctly placed by only three girls. When it came to naming the authors of certain designated works, varying degrees of ignorance were displayed, four-fifths of the students being able to place the "Canterbury Tales," "Faerie Queene," "King Lear," "In Memoriam," and "The Mill on the Floss," but only one knowing the authorship of "Adonais," while other titles evoked a variety of random guesses. What wonder that the critics of our system of education charge us with encouraging vagueness and superficiality in the learner?

* * *

RESPECT FOR LITERARY PROPERTY prevails among men and women of honor, and stays the hand from plagiarism, piracy, the stealing of ideas, and similar practices. There is also another kind of respect for literary property, a respect that will bear further cultivation, especially among frequenters of public libraries. This respect, it will at once be surmised, is the feeling that forbids the mutilation, defacement, or theft of books, periodicals, or other reading matter provided by the library for public use and enjoyment. Reference was recently made in these columns to the indefensible practice of marking favorite passages in books not one's own. Familiar to all is the juvenile prank, which seems to the small person so immensely clever and amusing, of writing on the fly-leaf, or on an early page, "If my name you wish to see, look on page two hundred and three," with a similar rhyme on the designated page referring the reader to another page, and so on until the circle is complete, and the young vandal hugs himself with glee at the thought of the seeker's fruitless search for his (the vandal's) valuable autograph. No amount of legislation, no system of police will ever completely cure, or even very greatly diminish, evils of this sort. A stub of a pencil, or a small pen-knife, held concealed in the hand, can accomplish unlimited mischief under the very eyes of the official in charge of a reading-room or reference-room or other publicly accessible department of a library, and to catch the culprit red-handed is rarely possible. Of course the remedy lies in a quickening of the public conscience, a fostering of the sense of what is seemly, a realization of the stupidity and brutishness of all acts that disregard the rights of others. Travellers in Japan tell of beautiful carved fences that border the public road and yet remain permanently unmutilated by destroying jack-knives. In this country the carving on public fences is done by the ubiquitous small boy, or even by the college student, and takes chiefly the form of personal initials and the Greek letters designating certain secret societies that flourish in schools and colleges. Some day all this sort of thing will be universally recognized as "bad form," and as unallowable as a buffet below the belt in a boxing-match — or at least we hope so.

WHAT GREAT AUTHORS PRIDE THEMSELVES ON is by no means always their best writings, or even their writings at all. What one does easily and naturally and well has a way of seeming less admirable to the performer than a painfully and imperfectly executed piece of work for which he is not suited. That is probably one reason why so many authors and artists of assured fame have longed to win laurels in walks of life to which their feet did not naturally turn. In this connection it is interesting to note a little peculiarity of Guy de Maupassant's as recorded in a reminiscent article by an intimate woman friend of his, in "La Grande Revue." He was proud of his physical strength, says the writer, and liked to speak about it; and she recalls his lifting her by her belt and holding her at arm's length, and also his walking laughingly across the room with a heavy arm-chair in each hand. She even believes he prided himself more on this muscular dexterity than on his literary genius. This may remind the reader of Dr. Holmes's unfeigned delight in the bits of wood-work or cabinet-making with which he varied the monotony of literary composition, keeping a set of tools in one of his desk drawers for such recreational uses. The recent biography of Mark Twain shows him to have prided himself on his mathematical talent, though he commonly arrived at an incorrect result in his laborious calculations. In one of these self-imposed exercises in later life he figured out his own pecuniary liabilities as twice what they actually were, and passed a wakeful night in consequence; but his delight on discovering his error in the morning seems to have more than made up for the loss of sleep. At another time we find him calculating the number of light-years separating us from Alpha Centauri, and the figures, reproduced in facsimile, are certainly impressive, whatever other qualities they may lack.

* * *

GENIUS AND PERSONALITY are rightly associated together. The theory of impersonal genius, whereby a great epic (like the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey") can come into being spontaneously without any assignable authorship, has by this time been pretty well exploded, although Wolf for a long while made the greater part of the academic world believe that a brew of commonplace minds could somehow, if left to simmer long enough, take on the flavor of transcendent genius. Those who have never allowed themselves to be overawed or convinced by the array of Teutonic learning in support of the conglomerate authorship of Homer's poems can now congratulate themselves as they see the learned world coming around again to their own position. The first chapter of Mr. Chamberlain's masterly book, "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," contains some passages that will please them. The late Andrew Lang was one of the sturdiest believers in Homer, and also in Shakespeare. A posthumous work of his, announced for publication, indicates by its table of contents the attitude of the writer toward the anti-Shakespeare school. "Shakespeare, Bacon, and the

Great Unknown" is the book's title, and its chapters deal with the Baconian and anti-William positions, the "silence" about Shakespeare, that impossible He, the schooling of Shakespeare, Mr. Churton Collins on Shakespeare's learning, contemporary recognition of Will as an author, the later life of Shakespeare, the preoccupations of Bacon, and other kindred topics. Nevertheless, there will probably always be disbelievers in the Shakespearean authorship of the plays, just as there will always be disbelievers in the rotundity of the earth.

* * *

THE DEMOLITION OF A FAMOUS LIBRARY BUILDING will begin about Christmas time, when Gore Hall will have ceased to shelter the library of Harvard University and will yield place to the magnificent structure given by Mrs. Widener in memory of her son, Harry E. Widener (Harvard '07), who at his death in the wreck of the "Titanic" left his fine collection of books to his *alma mater*. The removal of the books from Gore Hall has for some time been going on at the rate of about fifty thousand volumes a week; but as the entire library numbers somewhat over a million volumes (though not all housed together) the work of transfer to temporary quarters in other college buildings is no speedy process. It was to the generosity of Christopher Gore, seventh governor of Massachusetts, that Harvard owed its once greatly-admired library building which was first occupied in 1841, fourteen years after Gore's death and his bequest of two hundred thousand dollars to the college in Cambridge. In those intervening years the corporation had deliberately and wisely determined to erect a building that should be fire-proof and "in material and architecture an enduring monument to the memory of the most munificent of all the benefactors of the University; . . . since the security, the capacity, and the means of convenient arrangement and display which such a building affords would be among the more powerful inducements to intelligent and liberal minds to contribute toward filling its alcoves and enlarging its usefulness." In the short space of a quarter-century what had seemed so vast an emptiness was crowded with books, and ever since then, despite additions to the structure, the congestion has been growing more pronounced. It is pleasant to learn that the name and memory of Christopher Gore will be perpetuated in one of the three freshmen dormitories about to arise on the bank of the Charles River, somewhat apart from the main group of university buildings.

* * *

ANCIENT SERVIAN POETRY is of a richness and beauty suspected by few. One of the marked characteristics of this gallant people that has been so sturdily contending for its national independence is its imagination, its poetic temperament, as Professor Pupin of Columbia University, honorary Servian consul at New York, is reported recently as saying. It is wonderful and admirable that a race deprived of education during five centuries of Moslem oppression, and robbed of all knowledge of its ancient literary language, should still be able to preserve in the form of folklore and verse of extraordinary beauty the details of every important event in its history. Goethe is said to have learned the old Servian tongue in order to gain access to this rich mine of native poetry so little worked by scholars and writers, though it appears that the University of Vienna has lately caused several hundred thousand lines of this poetry to be translated into German. The Servian minstrel, old and blind, perhaps, or supporting himself on crutches, is a not unfamiliar sight, making his way with his one-stringed lute from place to place and singing to the peasants the brave deeds of their forefathers. It is not strange, by the way, that the people object to being called Servians, which suggests a derivation from the Latin *servus*, a slave. They wish to be known as free and independent Serbs.

* * *

A CERVANTES MUSEUM has been established, or at least started, at Valladolid, where the house once occupied by the author of "Don Quixote," together with the two adjoining houses, has been bought by King Alfonso out of his private purse, and Cervantes relics and souvenirs will there be collected and preserved. As in Homer's case, seven cities have contended for the honor of having given to the world the greatest of Spanish writers, but Valladolid is not one of these seven. Soon after the beginning of the seventeenth century Cervantes is believed to have lived there a few years and to have written there a part of his most famous work, whose first publication dates back to 1605. Alcalá de Henares, as everyone knows, is the fortunate city now conceded to have given birth to this great contemporary of our Shakespeare. The tradition of their dying both on the same day one likes to regard as history and to set side by side with the familiar story of the almost simultaneous death of Adams and Jefferson — though apart from the element of curious coincidence there is nothing to connect the two traditions.

* * *

A USE FOR OLD SCHOOLBOOKS which might otherwise be thrown into the fire or on the rubbish heap should be brought to the attention of those whose attics are rich in these interesting reminders of the little red schoolhouse or the old-fashioned village academy. The United States Bureau of Education is forming what it hopes will be the best pedagogical library in the world; indeed, it already is the best, containing about seventy thousand volumes on the subject of education, and eighty thousand pamphlets, reports, periodicals, and other miscellaneous matter not in bound book form, all freely accessible to the public and, under certain restrictions, open to general circulation. The department of school textbooks in the principal European languages necessarily has many yawning gaps, and it is in the hope of reducing these gaps that Commissioner Claxton asks for gifts of such old books of this class as may be lurking unused and unregarded in dusty lofts and obscure corners. The Government has always been liberal in its policy of sending out its publications wherever desired, and it now hopes the people

will respond with like generosity in helping to equip the educational library with such material of the above-named sort as may be available.

* * *

A HINT FROM QUINTILIAN, whose "Institutiones Oratoriæ" are not now much read even by classical students, is conveyed to those desirous of perfecting their literary style and enlarging their vocabulary, by a writer in the current "Hibbert Journal" who makes a study of ancient and modern methods of education, with the Roman rhetorician for a text. After quoting Quintilian's advice to read the ancient Latin authors, first because they supply a fine literary vocabulary, and secondly because they are models in the arrangement of their matter so as to instruct and inform by orderly sequence and not by clever phrase-making alone, the writer continues: "Quintilian's lesson for us to-day, then, would be—Receive gratefully the large heritage of language which you have received from your literary predecessors, and study it by progressive stages, and employ its vocabulary when occasion requires. If an old word existed in English—say in Elizabethan times—hold by that word, or re-introduce it, rather than some modern catchword spawned by slang or perverted from Cockney French." Or, to put this more briefly in our own words (and Milton's), cultivate the habit of avoiding such terms and phrases as would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

* * *

THE TWO LATEST FRENCH ACADEMICIANS, General Lyautey, conqueror of Morocco, and Professor Emile Boutroux, philosopher and author of "Le Moi Subliminal" and other works, including a notable preface to the French edition of William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," present a pleasing contrast to the mind's eye and illustrate in their dissimilar personalities the broad catholicity of judgment that, in this instance at least, has placed them both among the Immortals. Yet it should not be inferred that General Lyautey is exclusively a man of arms and of warlike deeds. He handles the pen, it appears, with as much dexterity as the sword. Two articles of his in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" (one entitled "Du Rôle Colonial de l'Armée," the other, "Du Rôle Social de l'Officier") have won warm praise, and, apart from their substance, are said to be well worth reading "merely as literature." Professor Boutroux's early work on "The Contingency of Natural Laws," his thesis for the doctor's degree in 1874, was a vigorous assault on the then prevalent doctrine of determinism, and it marked him as a thinker of originality and force.

* * *

THE VIGOROUS GROWTH OF LIBRARY CATALOGUES, their rapid increase in physical dimensions, especially when they take the form of card-catalogues, as they commonly, and wisely, now do, is something rather disturbing to the mental peace of a librarian already cramped for space in the upbuilding of the institution under his charge. Some one has facetiously forecast the time when the card-catalogues of the Boston Public Library and the Harvard Library will meet on the bridge over the Charles (known as the Harvard bridge) and special conveyances will be provided for those desiring to consult distant drawers in this five-mile catalogue of the two famous collections. But even the compactness of a printed catalogue does not by any means make a large library's catalogue a volume for the pocket. This is forcibly brought to mind by an announcement from the State University of Iowa (in a neat little "Handbook of the Library") that it "has just strengthened its bibliographical collection by the addition of the British Museum catalog of printed books,"—a work extending to some ninety large volumes and still growing. The contemplation of those serried ranks brings home to one the truth of that hackneyed quotation from "Ecclesiastes," XII., 12.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"THE PERIL OF EXTERNALISM."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I beg your permission to file my objections to your recent editorial on "The Peril of Externalism," based upon a recent paper by Professor Joseph Jastrow on "The Administrative Peril in Education." What you say, and what Professor Jastrow has said, is what has been said by others. But it seems to me to lack foundation in fact,—or at least, it represents a widespread state of things from which there are many exceptions. It may be true that "externalism," as you term it, fails to attract strong men to the profession of teaching and that it does not foster a vigorous intellectual life in our universities. It is true that there are institutions without strong men and with conditions hampering to freedom of thought and expression. But is this due solely or chiefly to the method of administration? And it is true also that there are institutions manned by robust scholars who enjoy complete freedom. The latter group may be smaller than the former, but it exists. I speak from intimate personal knowledge, for I have had the honor of holding a chair in an institution of this high character for nearly a quarter of a century. And yet this institution is governed by a self-perpetuating board of trustees; it has a president who does not hesitate to exercise authority; and its administration seems to conform to the method you hold to be harmful. In theory the ultimate power over everything is absolutely in the hands of the trustees; and sovereignty must be lodged somewhere. In practise every one of the separate schools has its own faculty and is expected to control its own internal affairs. The department to which I belong is substantially autonomous; that is to say that we recommend men for vacant chairs and for promotion, our recommendations being always accepted by the president and by the trustees who also deal with us as liberally as the finances of the university will permit. In theory this may be autocracy; in practise it is democracy.

I find in your article this quotation from Professor Jastrow:

"Prosperity is statistically measured; hence the desire for more buildings and costly ones; for more instructors, many of them occupied in work that the college should require and not provide; and more and more students who must be attracted toward the local Athenopolis and away from the rival one; accordingly the hills are all reduced to easy grades and new democratic (not royal) roads to learning are laid out

for those who do not like the old ones. Requirements are set not to what collegians should learn but to what they will; as at the circus the strip of bunting is held ostentatiously high until the horse with its fair burden is about to jump, when it is inconspicuously accommodated to the possible performance."

Again I admit that there may be institutions of this sort; but if they exist, I should like to know their names. I think that the time has come for a bill of particulars. I crave more specification and less declamation. At the institution which I know best the conditions are the reverse of this. Buildings continue to be erected, provided always by special gift and never out of the free funds of the corporation. Students also increase in numbers, but not as a result of any lowering of standards. On the contrary, these standards have been steadily raised in the several professional schools, every one of which now requires two or three years of college work as a prerequisite for admission, and every one of which is making severer demands upon the students after they are admitted. In the college itself there has been a steady improvement in the students; they work now, most of them, as very few of my classmates worked when I was an undergraduate. They are alert, intelligent, interested. They are in fact the exact opposite of those described in another passage that you quote from Professor Jastrow:

"Students have no intellectual interests, no applications, no knowledge of essentials, no ability to apply what they assimilate; they are flabby, they dawdle, they fritter and frivol, they contemn the grind, they seek proficiency in stunts, they drift to the soft and circumvent the hard; undertrained and overtaught, they are coddled and spoon-fed and served where they should be serving; and they get their degrees for a quality of work which in an office would cost them their jobs."

I have visited a score of American colleges east and west; and nowhere have I met undergraduates of this type. If Professor Jastrow actually knows a single institution harboring such creatures, he owes it to the cause of education in the United States to step forward frankly and let us know its name.

November 20, 1912. AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR.

CULTURE AND SOCIALISM.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

While every thoughtful reader of the editorial in your last issue must agree with Dr. Andrews as to the present condition of our spiritual health, I venture to think that there are many who will take decided exception to much of his reasoning.

In the first place, a conception of culture narrowed down to an "appreciation of the non-economic values" leaves something to be desired. There have been, and are to-day, persons of not wholly contemptible intellect who maintain that ethical and æsthetic values are almost inseparably interwoven with economic and social values,— that, indeed, the advance of economic forces has always been the base of cultural and religious no less than of political and social progress. But even disregarding this view, is it anything less than ludicrous to look for "appreciation of the non-economic values" in a civilization such as ours is to-day where economic values are so all-pervading and all-powerful?

Dr. Andrews is quite obviously a thorough-going individualist, and as such it is no doubt comforting to him to think of socialism as a rigid economic theory standing rooted to-day where it stood a half-century ago,— being of those who, as Miss Scudder says, "find it more convenient and more consonant with prejudices of which they are unaware, to accept the blatantly materialistic tone of some current socialism at face value as representative of the whole movement." Socialism, to him, is "a crusade against the highlands of men's life in the supposed interest of the bog"; "it is essentially a gospel of materialism, and its root appeal is to greed"; it would "build forth the social body utterly without regard to heterogeneity." Now I think it is no less than the truth to say that socialism, as the majority of its adherents understand it to-day, is the exact and polar opposite of all these things. It is, if it is anything at all, a crusade to rescue mankind from the bog, and give him his chance at the highlands; instead of being a gospel of greed, it is an organized revolt *against* greed; free play for the development of heterogeneity is one of its primary and basic purposes.

Except in the consciousness of a few irreconcilables, the old warfare between socialism and individualism is in fact at an end. Few things are more clear to an open and rational mind than that not only are the two conceptions not antagonistic, but that each is essential and complementary to the other. As Oscar Wilde remarked, over twenty years ago, socialism is of value simply because it leads to individualism. "We socialize what we call our physical life," says Mr. Havelock Ellis, "in order that we may attain greater freedom for what we call our spiritual life." The class-conscious revolutionary socialism of Karl Marx is to-day as obsolete as the violent, almost insane individualism of his contemporary, Max Stirner. In the place of these we now have a great far-reaching system of social moralization and regeneration that promises to every individual a rational hope of freedom and self-realization.

If we reject that hope, what other is there? Perhaps it should be sufficient for us to know, as a writer in your last issue tells us, that "reason is slowly but surely working out its triumph over unreason in the ordering of human affairs," and we should rest content in the contemplation of that automatic and beautiful process. But there are some persons, like Mr. Wells, who prefer not to wait, who prefer doing what they can to hasten matters along a bit. And even were we all to wait, in serene and confident inaction, what would become of culture meanwhile? For as surely as it is impossible to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles is it impossible that sound culture should spring from the conditions of economic restraint and social wrong in which we live. What William Morris said of art is equally true of all cultural activity,—"it has no chance of a healthy life, or, indeed, of a life at all, till we are on the way to fill up the terrible gulf between riches and poverty." And until that gulf is filled, what ethical right have any of us, however exempt from the common lot our own lives happen to be, to devote ourselves to the concerns of abstract culture? We know what choice Ruskin and Tolstoy and Morris made when it came to a decision between cloistered culture and social warfare; and in the aggravated conditions of our own day, their choice is far more emphatically incumbent upon us.

Nowadays "there is wide remission of enthusiasm for humanity," thinks Dr. Andrews. He is doubtless right; but such enthusiasm for humanity as does exist will be found in largest part among those who, whether or not they call themselves socialists, are yet fighting the good fight for all that present-day socialism represents and embodies. And until that fight is won, it is idle to look for anything other than a constantly accelerating decline of culture.

B. R. WILTON.

Milwaukee, Wis., November 22, 1912.

The New Books.

Mr. Bennett Visits America.*

Quite as extraordinary as Mr. Arnold Bennett's delicate and masterly manipulation of one type of fiction is his facility at any sort of literary work. He has edited a woman's magazine with success and relish. He can turn out a best-seller with dispatch, and a play with inconceivable celerity. His advice to the man in the street on the conservation of leisure moments has exactly that happy mingling of commonplace and suggestiveness that the man in the street craves.

And so, when Mr. Bennett visited America last winter, to see and to be seen, it was inevitable that his retrospective impressions should be promptly forthcoming, as promised; and that they should be, in quality, competent, spicy, of a carefully measured depth and a carefully determined cogency. Being of a highly unemotional temperament, Mr. Bennett never overreaches himself. Everything that he has written, including "Your United States," is a completely unified product. When Mr. Bennett decides to skim the surface of an experience, he does so thoroughly and with deftness, without illusions about the importance of his occupation, and with no disconcerting dips below or flights above to mar the symmetry of his achievement. In short, Mr. Bennett has a feeling for "key" that, in the almost appalling variety of his literary product, keeps each group peculiarly distinct and makes it very difficult to amalgamate them all in any general estimate of the man. Taken individually, you may scorn all his works; but, as the psychological phenomenon that produced them, Mr. Bennett is truly to be wondered at.

"Your United States" is naturally undertaken in lighter mood. Mr. Bennett's stay among us was of the briefest. In due course he visited New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, and Indianapolis,—which latter city he refers to unquestionably as at present our chief literary centre. Everywhere that he went, but particularly in Indianapolis, he had friends — old friends, that is, besides the enthusiastic crowds of would-be acquaintance that beset his path. Under their efficient guidance he savoured the quality of our hotels and our home life, travelled, and went sight-seeing, — except in Washington, where, escaping from control, he insisted upon "doing" the Capitol building in thirty minutes, as a slight but suitable retaliation upon Americans for their cursory treatment of the sacred sights of Europe. Mr. Bennett was so exhausted by this magnificent feat that he refused to look at anything more in Washington save such of the streets and avenues of the city as he could view peacefully from the "sea-going hack" that had taken him to the Capitol.

Now it is rather difficult to believe that the sophisticated and brilliant Mr. Bennett, seasoned resident of London and Paris, and familiar of other European capitals, found the diversion that he professes in his "Cook's view" of Washington, just as it is difficult to believe that he was as completely overwhelmed as he would appear by the glories of the "Lusitania," or as bewildered by the crookedness of Boston; that he stood awe-struck before Lowell's study windows, was thrilled with romantic wonder in a Chicago mail-order house, or was "positively intoxicated" by the glorious spectacle of Fifth Avenue at its finest. In other words, we are inclined to write down the best parts of Mr. Bennett's American impressions as very clever, very entertaining,—and entirely fictitious. It is only one more case of the Bennett astuteness. "Who," thought he, "would see this America most interestingly? Why, surely the provincial Englishman with an imagination — that same fellow whose romantic impressions of London (under my signature) have lately delighted the readers of a certain British weekly." It is one of Mr. Bennett's cleverest tricks,—this ability to assume *naïveté* convincingly, to sketch brilliant pastels, emanating romance and mystery, of city streets, grand hotels, gay restaurants, straggling suburbs; to make life seem as colorful and wonderful and mystically idealistic as it is to the perennial heart of youth. After all, what Mr. Bennett frankly and soberly thought about America has probably often been thought and said before. Indeed there are pages and chapters in his book to prove this — bits that he might well have given to the greedy interviewers who swooped down upon him even before he had landed on our shores. It is surely a matter for gratification that Mr. Bennett's book is not merely an extended interview.

The essential quality of the impressions may be caught, as well as anywhere, from the account of Mr. Bennett's first sight of New York — beginning after he had entered a "rickety and con-

* Your United States. Impressions of a First Visit. By Arnold Bennett. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

fined taxi," and mistaken a policeman, "flashing forth authority, gaiety, and utter smartness," for an archduke. Mr. Bennett continues:

"The rest of the ride was an enfevered phantasmagoria. We burst startingly into a very remarkable deep glade — on the floor of it long and violent surface-cars, a few open shops and bars with commissionaires at the doors, vehicles dipping and rising out of holes in the ground, vistas of forests of iron pillars, on the top of which ran deafening, glittering trains, as on a tight-rope; above all that, a layer of darkness; and above the layer of darkness enormous moving images of things in electricity — a mastodon kitten playing with a ball of thread, an umbrella in a shower of rain, siphons of soda-water being emptied and filled, gigantic horses galloping at full speed, and an incredible heraldry of chewing-gum. . . . Sky-signs! In Europe I had always inveighed manfully against sky-signs. But now I bowed the head, vanquished. . . . 'You must not expect me to talk,' I said."

Of course much criticism and opinion is necessarily included, incidentally to the narration of such experiences as this. Mr. Bennett does not, for instance, admire our sky-scrapers except as symbols; he dislikes our restaurants, abhors our Pullman cars, and sharply arraigns the vaunted luxury of our Limited trains; he discounts our sporting spirit, though he approves the technique of our national game; he lauds our standard of domestic comfort in home and hotel; he finds hopeful signs in our theatres, a lack of the finest public spirit in our citizens; and, finally, he discovers "the essential America" in "the long, calm streets" of Indianapolis, maple-shaded and set with the homes of the solid middle class.

Perhaps it was because Mr. Bennett unexpectedly discovered the essential America in Indianapolis that he cut short his intended and well-advertised progress to our Western coast; or perhaps the terrifically swaying sleeping cars deterred him from penetrating beyond Chicago. Whatever the reason, the event was fortunate. The real Mr. Bennett might have been entertained and even edified by the sight of other phases of the essential America,— phases less calm and ordered than the streets of Indianapolis, which house, we are told, Victorian ladies and old silver tea-things, besides important literary pretensions. But there was ample material east of the Mississippi to provide Mr. Bennett, the author, with romantic adventure, unhappy disillusionment, not too poignant to hold possibilities of humor, and a vivid impression of native traits, culminating on the maple-shaded streets of Indianapolis. More of our United States would have been superfluous.

Mr. Frank Craig's pictures are as "smart" as Mr. Bennett's text, from which they seem to have caught the prevailing note of genial, inconsequent picturesqueness. They give the book somewhat the appearance of a clever society novel — an appearance not wholly misleading.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

CHAUCER IN PROSE.*

Why should we modernize Chaucer to-day? Was not Landor right in holding such a project to be futile? "I would rather see Chaucer quite alone," he wrote, "in the dew of his sunny morning, than with twenty clever gentlefolks about him, arranging his shoestrings and buttoning his doublet. I like even his language. I will have no hand in breaking his dun but richly-painted glass to put in (if clearer) much thinner panes." In Landor's time, moreover, when early English was more like a foreign tongue than it is to-day, there was greater need of a rendering into the modern idiom than at present, when the Globe Edition provides a text not difficult to read after a slight acquaintance with the language of the fourteenth century.

The public, however, has taken a different view of the question. For two centuries it has eagerly bought and presumably read good, bad, and indifferent imitations and translations of various parts of Chaucer's works. The long list of modernizers is virtually headed by Dryden, who in his "Fables" (1700) included paraphrases of "The Knight's Tale," "The Nun's Priest's Tale," "The Wife of Bath's Tale," and the character of the Parson. Dryden's work found great favor throughout the century; as late as 1787 Walpole remarked that he loved Chaucer better in Dryden and Baskerville† than in his [Chaucer's] own dress and language. Closely following Dryden came Pope with his "January and May" (1709), his "Wife of Bath's Prologue" (1714), and his "Temple of Fame," based on "The House of Fame" (1715) — all polished, artificial, and distorted renderings — one had better say perversions — of their genuinely simple and natural originals. The year 1712 saw the publication of Betterton's version of "The Reeve's Tale" and of most of the Prologue, together with Samuel Cobb's "Miller's Tale." The most

*THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER. The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Now First Put into Modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. Illustrations by Warwick Goble. New York: The Macmillan Co.

†I suppose Walpole means that he read Dryden's "Fables" in the "Select Fables of Esop and Other Fabulists" printed by John Baskerville for the Dodsleys in 1761, second edition 1764; but I have not seen this work.

ambitious of these Chaucerian undertakings, however, was that of George Ogle, who in 1741 published, in three volumes, "The Canterbury Tales Modernized by Several Hands," the heroic couplet being used throughout. Poor as some of these readings were, a second edition of the book was issued in 1742 and a third in 1795, the latter edited by William Lipscomb. Wordsworth modernized "The Prioress' Tale" (1801, published in 1821) and "The Manciple's Tale," though he never published the latter. Lord Thurlow's "Arcita and Palemon" (1822) went into a second edition. Leigh Hunt translated "The Squire's Tale" twice (1823, 1841), and also modernized "The Pardoner's Tale," "The Friar's Tale," and "The Manciple's Tale." Charles Cowden Clarke's "Riches of Chaucer" (1835) remained popular throughout the century, being three times reprinted. A century after Ogle came Richard Hengist Horne with his "Poems of Chaucer Modernized," to which contributions were made by Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Elizabeth Barrett, and which was partially reproduced by J. P. Briscoe as late as 1901. Saunders's edition of "The Canterbury Tales" (1845) has been reprinted at least four times. In 1870 two renderings of "The Canterbury Tales" were published: Frederick Clarke's did not go beyond the first volume, but that of Purves, including several others of Chaucer's poems, was twice reprinted. The late Professor Skeat in his last years translated at least ten of "The Canterbury Tales," "The Legend of Good Women," "The Romaunt of the Rose," and the minor poems. Mr. MacKaye himself published in 1904 the version of the Prologue and ten tales which is here, we believe, reproduced; and that this volume had a good sale may be inferred from the fact that he now joins with Professor Tatlock in bringing out the first modern English rendering of Chaucer's complete works. Many other modernizers are mentioned by Miss Hammond in her bibliography; and it is evident that there was a demand for the work of these mediators or middle-men — since the poorest of it seems to have been welcomed by the public.*

If we are to have a modernization of Chaucer, let it be in prose. We doubt if the genius exists or ever will arise who could even remotely suggest, continuously and for any length of time, in a contemporary verse rendering, the tone and flavor of Chaucer's poetry. It is hard enough to put *any* early poet into modern verse, since the shifting of the accent toward the beginning of words has ruined the language from the point of view of facility in rhyme. In spite of this handicap some have, to be sure, rendered parts of Chaucer in readable verse; but their attempts have not come much nearer to being Chaucer than Pope's "Iliad" came to being Homer. A quotation or two may illustrate our point. Here is Troilus's prayer to Cupid when he finds that Criseyde has departed (v. 582 ff.):

"Than thoughte he thus: 'O blisful Lord Cupide,
Whan I the proces have in my memorie,
How thou me hast werrey'd on every side,
Men might a book make of it, lik a storie!
What nede is thee to seke on me victorie,
Sin I am thyn, and hoolly at thy wille?
What joye hast thou thine ownë folk to spille?

"'Wel hastow, Lord, ywroke on me thyn ire,
Thou mighty God, and dredful for to greve!
Now mercy, Lord! Thou wost wel I desire
Thy gracë most of allë lustës leve,
And live and deye I wol in thy bileve:
For which I naxe in guerdon but oo bone,
That thou Criseyde ayein me sendë sone.

"'Distreyne her herte as fastë to retorne
As thou dost myn to longen her to see:
Than wot I wel that she nil not sojorne.
Now, blisful Lord, so cruel thou ne be
Unto the blood of Troye, I preyë thee,
As Juno was unto the blood Thebane,
For which the folk of Thebës caughte hir bane!'"

WORDSWORTH.

"'O blissful God of Love!' then thus he cried,
'When I the process have in memory,
How thou hast wearied me on every side,
Men thence a book might make, a history;
What need to seek a conquest over me,
Since I am wholly at thy will? what joy
Hast thou thine own liege subjects to destroy?

"'Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked, thine ire
Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and grief;
Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st well I desire
Thy grace above all pleasures first and chief;
And live and die I will in thy belief;
For which I ask for guerdon but one boon,
That Cresida again thou send me soon.

"'Constrain her heart as quickly to return,
As thou dost mine with longing her to see,
Then know I well that she would not sojourn.
Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee,
As Juno was unto the Theban blood,
From whence to Thebes came griefs in multitude.'"

TATLOCK-MACKAYE.

"Then he thought, 'O blessed lord Cupid, when I remember the history, how thou hast warred against me on every side, men might make a book of it like a tale. What need hast thou to seek a conquest on me,

*For an elaborate criticism of several of these modernizers one should consult Professor Lounsbury's entertaining "Studies in Chaucer," iii. 154-240.

since I am thine, wholly at thy will? What joy is it to thee to destroy thine own folk? Lord, well hast thou wreaked thine ire on me, mighty god, deadly to offend! Show mercy now, O lord! Thou knowest well I crave thy grace above all dear pleasures, and will live and die in thy faith; in guerdon of which I ask but one boon, that thou send me back Criseyde speedily. Let her heart long to return as eagerly as mine to see her; then I wot well she will not tarry. Blessed lord, I pray thee be not so cruel to the blood of Troy as Juno was to Theban blood, for which the folk of Thebes had their destruction!'"

Wordsworth has here shown great skill in preserving the original form; yet he has mistranslated *werreyed* and has given a misleading turn to the last line.

For a second illustration we choose the account of the stranger knight's entrance in "The Squire's Tale":

"This strangë knyght that cam thus sodeynly,
Al armëd, save his heed, ful richëly,
Saleweth kyng and queene, and lordës alle,
By ordre, as they seten in the halle,
With so heigh reverence and obeisaunce,
As wel in spechë as in contenaunce,
That Gawayn, with his oldë curteisye,
Though he were comen ageyn out of fairye,
Ne koude hym not amendë with a word;
And after this, biforn the heighë bord,
He with a manly voys seith his message
After the forme usëd in his langage,
Withouten vice of silable, or of lettre;
And for his talë sholdë seme the bettre,
Accordant to his wordës was his cheere,
As techeth art of speche hem that it leere.
Al be it that I kan nat sowne his stile,
Ne kan not clymben over so heigh a style,
Yet seye I this, as to commune entente,
Thus much amounteth al that ever he mente,
If it so be that I have it in mynde . . ."

LEIGH HUNT.

"The stranger, who appear'd a noble page,
High-bred, and of some twenty years of age,
Dismounted from his horse; and kneeling down,
Bow'd low before the face that wore the crown;
Then rose, and reverenc'd lady, lords and all,
In order as they sat within the hall,
With such observance, both in speech and air,
That certainly, had Kubla's self been there,
Or sage Confucius, with his courtesy,
Return'd to earth to show what men should be,
He could not have improv'd a single thing:
Then turning lastly to address the king,
Once more, but lightlier than at first, he bow'd,
And in a manly voice thus spoke aloud . . ."

TATLOCK-MACKAYE.

"This strange knight, who came so suddenly, all armed full richly save his head, saluted king and queen, and all the lords by order as they sat in the hall, with such deep reverence and obeisance as well in speech as in bearing, that though Gawain with his antique courtesy were come again out of fairyland, he could not have corrected this knight in a word. And then before the high table he spake his message in a manly voice, after the form used in his language, without fault in syllable or letter; and, that so his story should seem the more acceptable, his cheer accorded with his words, as the art of speech teaches them that learn it. Albeit I cannot follow his style, nor climb over so high a stile, yet to the general understanding I say this, which was the purport of all that ever he said, if so be I have it in memory. . . ."

It will be observed that Hunt cut down the number of lines by one-third without any corresponding gain in force or elegance. His substitution of Kubla Khan and Confucius is inexplicable, and would seem to be an unwarrantable liberty; even if we assume that these men were patterns of courtesy (and we know of no such tradition), the fact remains that Chaucer does not mention them and does mention the familiar Gawain. Moreover, Hunt has introduced ideas not in the original: the age of the Knight, his dismounting from his horse, his bowing after he kneels, his second bow to the King. Certainly it is of less importance to adhere to the original form than it is to render accurately the thought. Hence the superiority of prose, in which the translator can devote himself unreservedly to the thought.

This has evidently been the view of the present translators. They hold that so many words and idioms have undergone subtle changes in meaning since Chaucer's time that the general reader needs more than a bare text and glossary. They believe that it is all-important to get at Chaucer's thought. In accordance with this belief they have tried to be as faithful to the original as possible while avoiding four things: rhyme and excessive rhythm (which we take to mean the rhythm of verse), obscurity, extreme verbosity, and excessive coarseness. The general verdict of the critic must be that they have succeeded admirably.

While the present translation is worthy of high praise, some of the notes are disappointingly meagre. It means little to say that the "Physiologus" was an early book "on the natures of animals." An essential trait was that they connected the characteristics and habits of animals with the beliefs and observances of Christianity. Under "Venus' hour" it would have been easy to add the particular hour (the second before sunrise on Monday) presided over by the goddess. The astrological terms should also have been explained more fully. Under "Roncesvalles," Tyrwhit's plausible conjecture might well have been added.

For the class of readers who require illustrations, Mr. Warwick Goble has embellished the volume with over thirty full-page illustrations in

color. In themselves, considered without reference to the text, they are excellent and include much that is beautiful; they do not, however, represent anything like our idea of Chaucerian scenes, and we doubt if very many readers will be found to whom their appeal is strong. For some, these pictures will be a hindrance rather than a help to the imagination. The picture of Emily, for example, has a beautiful setting; but the features of the girl as here drawn are hardly such as to cause all the trouble set forth in "The Knight's Tale." The reproduction of Blake's picture in outline on the end-leaves is effective.

The make-up of the volume leaves nothing to be desired. The paper is excellent, the page of good proportions, and the type clear. The binding, which is in keeping with other features of this handsome volume, helps to make it one of the most desirable gift-books of the season.

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

AN ALBUM FROM GREEK AND ROMAN DAYS.*

Apart from mankind's innate interest in any face as an expression of human nature, we may say that portraits from ancient Greece and Rome appeal primarily to the student of history and the lover of plastic art. For the former, they frequently preserve the actual lineaments of a man or woman depicted with almost photographic accuracy, or transmit a character study carved in the spirit of a modern portrait painter. For the latter, they often provide beautiful objects of æsthetic charm, and more often represent instructive links in the development of style and treatment. The famous portraits of Pericles, for instance, reveal to us something of the statesman, the general, and the cultured humanist; but they also offer a goodly pleasure to the eye, and at the same time tell us that the sculptor loved the beautiful as deeply as the characteristic, and show us how far he was master of his chisel and marble.

As to the essential merit of a portrait, we are all ostentatiously agreed that it is "truth to life." But beneath these shortest and simplest of words are rooted quarrels that seem to be as old as the pyramids. The observing visitor at the perfectly arranged Egyptian Museum in Cairo will find realism and conventionalism facing each other at least as early as the Old Kingdom, say three thousand years before Christ; and that, too, in representations of the same man in the same tomb. Of course, the purpose of the statue has to be considered in these cases; but the elements of the debate are there, and we have no doubt that the controversy dates back to the first moment in the history of man that saw two sculptors capable of choosing and of executing their choice.

In Greek portraiture, our best authorities have felt that the tendency toward an idealizing representation was the stronger. In addition to the monuments, they adduce to the much-quoted authority of Aristotle, who says that good portrait painters, while reproducing "the distinctive form of the original, make a picture which is like the subject and yet more beautiful." But we may point out that it is easy to carry this belief too far, and that not a few artists must have followed the practice of giving feature for feature and line for line with relentless realism. Demetrius, the much-discussed exponent of this style at the close of the fifth century, did not shrink from representing a distinguished Corinthian general in most uncompromising detail, "with a protuberant paunch, a ragged wind-tossed beard, and a bald head"; and he can hardly have stood alone even in that age. In later Greece, certainly, there was no lack of realism. Pliny tells us, for instance, that Lysistratus "looked upon likeness in every detail as the chief aim of portraiture, and that he went so far as to use plaster casts to transfer actual forms to his work."

And the question is even more keenly debated to-day. Realism, conventionalism, idealism, impressionism, and illusionism, not to mention futurism or a dozen other extravagances, have become so rampant that there is some truth in Oscar Wilde's paradox that a portrait tells us absolutely nothing about the sitter and a great deal about the maker. Naturally, we should be grateful if Rossetti's prayer could be realized and a woman's portrait might show us "beyond the light that the sweet glances throw, and refluent wave of the sweet smile, the very sky and sea-line of her soul." But to very few painters or sculptors has such skill been vouchsafed, nor can many spectators catch even the vision that the work of the cunning craftsman legitimately embodies. So most of us declare with a sigh or a smile that we have two ordinary eyes and something within us that feels pleasure or displeasure, satisfaction or dissatisfaction; and the average amateur, if he reaches any decision as to what makes the difference in a portrait, generally does not become more definite than Sir Joshua Reynolds, who concludes that the like-

* GREEK AND ROMAN PORTRAITS. By Dr. Anton Hekler. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ness, as well as the grace, of a portrait "consists more in preserving the general effect of the countenance than in the most minute finishing of the features, or of any particular parts."

At this point we may briefly describe the offering presented by Dr. Anton Hekler to readers or workers who are interested in such topics as those suggested above. His volume is a generous quarto, containing three hundred and eleven plates of illustrative Greek and Roman portraits from the fifth century B. C. to the fourth century A. D. In connection with these the author gives us forty pages of comment. He has also prepared a serviceable bibliography, and an excellent table of illustrations, which gives the home of each portrait and often refers to some treatise in which the statue is discussed. If we add that his examples are well chosen, we shall probably convey our belief that the album offers convenient as well as extensive material for an approach to the study of Greek and Roman portraits.

From such a wealth of material we must make an arbitrary choice, and if we first point out that Dr. Hekler deals with his general theme historically, we may content ourselves with instancing his treatment of Socrates. As it happens, this offers an enlightening glimpse at our author's method, while the subject is one of perennial interest. Who will ever forget the description of this homeliest of high thinkers given by Alcibiades, gloriously drunk, in the Symposium of Plato? "I say he is exactly like the figures of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them." Here then was a dainty task for the worker in marble: to show the satyr mask and the god within. Such at least was the task, if, as Socrates himself had demanded, the sculptor was to express the activity of the soul in his forms. As a basis for his comment Dr. Hekler gives us the Naples bust, the small bronze at Munich, the head in the National Museum at Rome, and two views of the *term* in the Villa Albani. After pointing out how natural it was that the interesting artistic and physiognomical problem of the head of Socrates should have occupied Greek sculpture for several centuries, he proceeds:

"No less than three types have come down to us, which also represent three different stages of art-development. The first type, best represented by the Naples bust (Pl. 19) and the small bronze at Munich (Ill. 2) is a sober, naturalistic portrait of the fifth century which renders admirably the most striking elements of the outward man and is content to forego the deeper, more intense vitality of the spirit. The face here has a certain coarse, boorish cast. The treatment of the beard recalls that of the head of Homer in the Vatican. In the course of the fourth century the prosaic naturalism of this head was transmuted by the hand of a great artist into lofty significance. In this second portrait-type (Pl. 20) the ugly forms acquire an unsuspected wealth of expressive power; the spectator feels himself to be in the presence of a highly gifted, gentle, and benevolent being, whose intelligent eyes and large mouth with its parted lips suggest an agreeable loquacity. We would fain ascribe this masterly creation to the genius of Lysippos; literature credits him with the execution of a statue of Sokrates; and our example is stylistically akin to his works. The treatment of the beard and hair is a strong point in support of the hypothesis. Later, the Silenus-head of Sokrates underwent a final free transformation bearing all the accents of the Hellenistic period. It is represented by a head in the Villa Albani (Pl. 21). Here the artist, careless of likeness, was concerned above all to render his conception of the daemonic energy and enthusiastic fervour of the martyred philosopher, with all the realistic resources of a fully matured art. This tendency removes the Albani head from the domain of reality into that of ideal portraiture."

Herewith we are plunged into the centre of a central problem. Granted a trained observer, skilled in physiognomy and versed in the conditions of plastic representation, how much can he confidently and reliably tell us about the intentions of the sculptor and the characteristics of the subject revealed by the statue. Now any man who has worked under a master like Petersen will admit that the possibilities are large; but there have been many startling contradictions and still more startling reversals of opinion among the experts, and, when all concessions are made, the margin of error is so appallingly wide that the most modest of reviewers may be pardoned for differing rather frequently from the conclusions of an author. Dr. Hekler has been laudably conservative in assigning names to doubtful portraits; but in dealing with the characteristics conveyed by a portrait, and with the intentions of the sculptor, he often exhibits a comprehensiveness and finality that can hardly be justified in the present status of our knowledge. However, he was barred from any adequate balancing of probabilities for his readers by his goodly array of reproductions, if his work was to be compassed in one volume; and he would probably be the first to admit the possibility of legitimate differences of opinion.

In passing to the Roman section of our treatise we find ourselves debating an old question. More than a quarter of a century ago, in a brilliant and most readable contribution, "Vernon Lee" declared that Roman portraiture had introduced something new and wonderful into sculpture. In this contention she has been en-

thusiastically supported by Mrs. Strong; but despite the hopeful studies of such workers as the latter and Professor Wickhoff, who represent the extreme in the advocacy of Roman innovation, there is still more than a little cloud of doubt about the "new and wonderful" element as manifested in portraiture. Detailed modifications of treatment there assuredly were; but further than that it is difficult to go without a faltering hesitancy. Dr. Hekler, too, feels that there is an essential difference between the two groups represented by Hellenistic and Roman portrait sculpture, and gropes for the specifically Roman element in this later art. However, he insists that "there is no breach of continuity, but a perfectly organic development"; and, if we understand him aright, he explains the difference rather by the Roman national physiognomy and character than by essential modification of the means employed in achieving artistic effects. At any rate, Roman portraits are just as interesting as Miss Paget declared them to be in "Euphorion": "Of this Roman portrait art, of certain heads of half-idiotic little Cæsar brats, of sly and wrinkled old men, things which ought to be so ugly and yet are so beautiful, we say, at least, perhaps unformulated, we think, 'How Renaissance.'"

And it is desperately hard to refrain from considering some of the portraits in this section of Dr. Hekler's volume. The history of the Roman Empire seems to stand before one in a sort of personification. Thirteen portraits of Augustus, from boyhood to old age, suggest the days of transition from Republic to Principate. The Claudian degenerates recall the wild tragedy of the Cæsars, even if we cannot quite agree that "they reveal more of the dark atmosphere of those days of cruelty and terror than the most circumstantial accounts of historians." And so we might trace the story through the days of national decline to the ruler who championed the religion of the despised Nazarene. But fully as interesting to the student of human nature, and more interesting to the lover of art, are the private persons, named or nameless. From the Pompeiian banker, with his keen American face, to the two boys, who are so alike and yet so unlike, the reader, or, as one might better say, the spectator, may observe a range of masculine faces that constantly challenge his human interest or critical acumen. Nor will he find less attraction in the representatives of the other sex, from Julia, with her architectonic coiffure, to the lady with softly waving hair who suggests a well-known English writer. And he who loves a contrast is invited to turn from the austerity of Livia as an elderly woman to the girlish grace of the so-called Minatia Polla, beloved of every visitor to the *Museo delle Terme*.

But the lure of this collection and of memories from the days when we first lingered in Roman galleries is tempting our pen far beyond all permissible bounds, so we must simply add, what is already obvious, that to us the volume seems both valuable and enjoyable.

It is difficult to turn from such thoughts to unfavorable criticism of details; but a few points require notice. For instance, might we not have had just a word on Egyptian portrait sculpture? Some examples are truly remarkable, and despite the independence of Greek artistic development, it is inconceivable that it was not touched by some tiny breath of influence from the valley of the Nile. Again, is it absolutely sure that artistic activity always begins with abstractions, and that the first essays in the portrayal of human beings are consequently rather abstractions than imitations? On the contrary, is there not considerable evidence, as well as the evolutionary probability, that individual men and particular animals were among the earliest subjects of nascent depiction? In lamenting our loss from the perishing of painted figures and faces, Dr. Hekler mentions as our only relics of importance the mummy portraits of Egypt; but the stelæ discovered a few years ago at Pegasæ are certainly not without value. And, finally, when the work was being made ready for English-speaking readers, why were the most common Greek names not given in their ordinary form? One really feels ill at ease in the presence of *Aristoteles* and *Epikuros* when one has known them so long and so familiarly as Aristotle and Epicurus. However, these minor points and a few more like them, even if they worry a reviewer, are negligible in comparison with the general services of the volume.

The type is clear, the reproductions satisfactory, the binding very simple, and the price as low as the nature of such a publication would reasonably admit. FRED B. R. HELLEMS.

MR. CLIFTON JOHNSON and Mr. W. D. Howells seem to think that Artemus Ward is in need of resuscitation, for they have just become sponsors for a volume entitled "Artemus Ward's Best Stories" (Harper), which should certainly appeal to a generation which we fear knows not this humorist, one of the raciest we have yet produced. Not the least readable of the contents is the sympathetic introduction with which Mr. Howells has supplied the volume. A number of illustrations are provided by Mr. Frank A. Nankivell.

A Disciple of Pater.*

It is ten years since Lionel Johnson died, and according to the happy phrase chosen as the title of his volume of critical studies, he now returns to cross again his own threshold and to receive for a little the greetings of his friends. The clamor of those years has drowned voices far louder than his, but his friends have not forgotten him. As a poet, he is in the strictest sense a minor poet, a seeker of effects exquisitely refined; and in his prose, too, it is upon the delicacies of emotion and thought that he loves to dwell, and upon the felicities of phrase that will alone express them. These are, of course, qualities that do not compel a hearing from the crowd; and even for those whom Pater calls "disinterested lovers of books," they seem nowadays to have lost their appeal. One wonders sometimes if it is not the neglect of the Greek and Latin classics, the loss from our training of that attention to detail which an appreciation of the classical literatures perpetually demands, that is responsible for the prevalent taste, even among persons who read, for the broad, the slapdash, and the bizarre. Well, such persons will not care for Lionel Johnson, nor for his master, Walter Pater, for the style of both calls for a somewhat more discriminating literary palate than it is the fashion nowadays to cultivate. Nevertheless, there will no doubt always be some persons, not very numerous nor much given to voicing their opinions in the market place, who take a quiet satisfaction in such writing as this, and who feel a kind of friendship for the author of it. "In an age of extraordinary vehemence," writes Johnson of Erasmus, "his delicacy, his subtlety were bound to be ineffective." The writer of these words would probably not be surprised to find himself little read; yet inasmuch as the Erasmian method and the Erasmian temper, in spite of their manifest defects, have had in every age their warm admirers, so he may count for many years to come upon a small and perhaps an increasing circle of appreciative friends.

Appreciative and admiring, but not uncritical. They will find in this volume, for instance, more than a touch of sheer preciosity, a naïve parade of learning and allusiveness, and, once at least, a defect of taste, curiously unexpected in these careful pages. "The later sweeter essayist, Charles Lamb," he writes in the paper on Bacon, "was called by Thackeray 'Saint Charles'; no one could call the cold, corrupt Lord Chancellor 'Saint Francis.'" No one, indeed, we agree with a shudder; but why go so obviously out of one's way to produce so poor a pleasantry? These are plainly faults of immaturity — not, to be sure, of immaturity of years, for he was thirty-five when he died, but of that sort of immaturity which is the differentia of the minor gift, whether in poetry or prose. We have called Pater his master, but in his evident consciousness of his verbal successes he does not remind us of the elder and the greater man. For Pater illustrates his own dictum that "beauty is only fineness of truth." One feels that he is absorbed in the adequate expression of his difficult and involved thought, while his pupil not seldom appears to be turning his fine phrases for their own sake. This is only to say that his writing is not of the first, or even of the second order; but at its best, its charm is that of the dawn of an exceedingly sensitive and subtle talent for criticism and of a rare gift of expression.

He has another mark of the minor prosaist, a chameleon-like quality that causes his style to vary, within certain limits, its cadence and color with the work upon which he is engaged. If he is writing of Pater, he writes like Pater; if on a subject that would have appealed to Lamb, like Lamb. Or, perhaps it would be more correct to say that when he writes of men whose nature is akin to his, he abandons himself to his genius and instinctively praises them in their own vein. To Arnold and Newman he is not akin, and though he writes of them, he does not write in the least like them; but the paper on Stevenson is not unlike Stevenson, "The Work of Mr. Pater" is such a piece of criticism as Pater himself in his youth might have signed, and while there is no essay on Lamb, there is an essay on a subject that Lamb might have chosen, treated in the manner in which Lamb would have treated it. In the paper on Octavius Pulleyn, an obscure seventeenth century poet,— a poet, indeed, of but one extant poem,— we hear what seems the very voice of Elia:

> "*Nominis umbra*, he is a ghost, of whom I know nothing; whilst his little bird, the least of birds, lives merry and musical yet. Octavius and his like, phantom gentlemen in the 'haunted thicket' of old years, have a singular fine charm. Until some plaguey investigator of libraries, of Rolls and Record Offices, unearth my twilight friend, he is mine to dream over, mine to play with. I can enter him a student at the Inns of Court; make him a tavern wit or playhouse censor; I can turn him into a country squire, and give him a comely manor in the taste of Inigo. We stroll there together through the 'Italianate garden,' with its *statua* and *busto*, and

* Post Liminium. Essays and Critical Papers. By Lionel Johnson. Edited by Thomas Whittemore. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

pass out into a green coppice. It shall be the old May morning of merry England, May of clear sunlight and soft wind; Octavius shall quote me his Horace, and I cap him with my dearer Virgil. An air of the scholar's affectation sits prettily upon us, an Oxford touch. We would fain esteem ourselves Younger Plinies of the time, and a neat copy of verses is our pride. Octavius has a decent fair knack at imitation of the great Mr. Cowley, and ever a gratulatory ode at a friend's service. So go we gently through the May morning of a dream; of winter nights, we 'drink tobacco' by the fire of logs in a parlour of black panel, and pore together upon the medals of popes and emperors. Of such sort is my Octavius; and if I weary of him in such sort, he shall proceed ambassador to the Hague, and send me word of tulips."

In the short paper, too, entitled "An Old Debate," the debate, to wit, over the comparative charms of town and country, he is, like Lamb, all on the side of the town, and praises London with a warmth caught from "A Londoner":

"After all, other people are very companionable. Cæsar held in mistrust the lean, who think too much; others have misliked the haters of children, of music, and of bread; for ourselves, we will be friends with no man who goes down the Strand with an *Odi profanum* on his lips."

His fondness for Lamb is one of many tastes that he shares with Pater, for nowhere has Pater written with a more penetrating sympathy and a more quiet perfection of style than in the essay on Lamb.

Indeed, as we have already intimated, this volume is full of echoes and suggestions of Pater. The four papers that open it treat of Pater's humor, his views of Plato, and his work as a whole, in the tone of a confessed admirer and disciple. Not, however, of an undiscriminating admirer. More than once he takes pains to admit that two opinions may be held of Pater's place in criticism. It is as if he felt the necessity of guarding himself against the charge of a too uncritical discipleship. There are pages of Pater in which "we seem to take less than our customary pleasure." It is possible to differ with him in his views of Plato, of Botticelli, of the Renaissance. "A discreet judgment" dare not class him with the greatest. Yet these, we feel, are concessions forced from him by the knowledge that without them his praise would seem too unmeasured. There is a sentence at the close of "The Work of Mr. Pater" which tells the story: "There is yet deeper sorrow, upon which I cannot touch, save to say that to younger men concerned with any of the arts, he was the most generous and gracious of helpful friends." Certainly Pater has never been praised so justly, so finely, so entirely in his own manner, as in these pages. It will be remembered, too, that one of Lionel Johnson's most exquisite poems and one of the most successful brief threnodies in our language was dedicated by him to the memory of his master.

His debt to Pater is felt not only in such formal tributes as these, but upon almost every page of the volume. The names dear to Pater recur again and again,—Lamb, Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne, Pascal, St. Francis of Assisi. Every now and then one comes upon echoes of Pater's own language, as in the affectionate repetition of the delightful word "umbratile," familiar to lovers of "Marius." The style in general is thoroughly Paterian. There is the same delicate precision of phrase, the same repudiation of the superficial, the obvious, the approximate, the same unremitting effort to pluck out the heart of some subtle personality and enshrine it in an epithet. And the resemblance goes deeper than style. The mind of the disciple was evidently profoundly akin to the mind of the master. We may say of him what he says of Pater: "Things hieratic, ascetic appealed always to him." For this reason, the papers on Pascal, Thomas à Kempis, Patmore, Henry Vaughan, "The Soul of Sacred Poetry," are among the best in the volume. For this reason, too, we meet everywhere allusions to Newman. His characteristic phrases are quoted, and his authority is invoked as if a mere reference to him were sufficient to settle any moral or spiritual question. "To the present writer," we read, "the thirty-six volumes of Newman, from the most splendid and familiar passages down to their slightest and most occasional note, are better known than anything else in any literature and language."

There is one notable particular, however, in which he forsakes the example of his master. One of Pater's most characteristic and admirable critical habits was his refusal to speak severely of anyone. In the whole range of his writings, there is not a line of harsh criticism. He writes only of those whom he can praise, justly believing that for a subtle and penetrating genius like his, there is an ample field for action in the true, the beautiful, and the good. But inferior talents may be more inclusive, and it is refreshing to find that Johnson can wield on proper occasions — and to our taste his occasions are all proper — a trenchant pen. Even his strictures on Byron seem to us not too severe, and his plain speaking on the Bashkirtseff we find peculiarly timely in the light of a new, and we think quite unnecessary, volume of her letters and journals. "A dis

eased and silly soul," he calls her, and the letters "are the letters of an hysterical lady's-maid."

We do not forget that Lionel Johnson, as a poet, is a prominent figure in the Gaelic revival, and it would not be proper to pass over without mention the papers in this volume that deal with the movement. They are not, however, among the most valuable of these studies, and, indeed, Johnson's interests and inspirations were too wide and his powers, both as critic and as poet, too great to permit him to be confined within the limits of any movement, however admirable. In fact, the paper entitled "Poetry and Patriotism in Ireland" seems to be, in part, his own apology, written in reply to those who thought the harp of Tara the only suitable instrument for a poet who was really devoted to the Irish cause. He makes the plea that Ireland is truly honored by all her distinguished sons, even though their muse be not strictly "patriotic." "There seems to be no place for a poet," he writes, "who, though he be intensely national in temperament and sympathy, may be unfitted by nature to write poetry with an obvious and immediate bearing upon the national cause"; and he urges that Irish literature be encouraged and developed "in a finely national, not in a pettily provincial, spirit."

We end as we began. These essays are for the few, not for the many. The author of them, like his own Octavius Pulleyne, did not seek "to fill the irritated air with agitated echoes"; but like that "umbratile, quiet man," he would be heartily content with "a miniature immortality," a fame far short of the highest, and a circle of friends intimate, affectionate, and secure.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER.

ASPECTS OF SOUTH AMERICA.*

Travel is still for us the perfect epitome of life; and when the narrative of travel is combined with the most searching observations on the character and development of the peoples visited, the result is, for the reader, a complete transplantation into another world. This is what Mr. Bryce invariably achieves, no matter what his theme or what the path of approach. He enters the remote periods of the Holy Roman Empire with the same fresh enthusiasm as that with which he examines our own contemporary institutions; he throws himself wholeheartedly into sympathy with the difficult past as well as with the changing present; he prophesies to dry bones and makes them live again. Perhaps no other critic, certainly no other foreigner,

> "hath walked along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse."

If this is true of North America, which he knows so well, how infinitely more so of the Southern republics, to which he has made but one visit. But what a fruitful visit it was! Such an inquiring eye is his that it has searched out in a few months everything worth seeing, penetrated the inmost recesses of thought, and glimpsed things which we never dreamed were there.

It is usual for writers on South America — not always of judicial temperament — to range themselves definitely on the side either of the optimists or of the pessimists. Mr. Bryce does neither, for he writes with a detachment born of the trained mind accustomed to tracing national evolutions from their historical past to their immediate present. Indeed, the first sign that a new land is approaching maturity is when that land begins to have leisure, or when others think it profitable to cast a look backwards and realize the lesson of its past. What a past it has been for South America,— what a varied tale is unfolded! Not the least interesting part of Mr. Bryce's volume deals with historical evolution, and his treatment is as judicial and impartial as it is logical and discriminating. If we may venture a criticism so early in our notice, however, it would deal with his bias against the Spanish colonial system — a bias which might almost be termed injustice; for there is no doubt in the mind of the present reviewer that, however unfortunately it worked out, the system itself was fundamentally sound, and that if it had only allowed for more — or even any — self-government the whole course of future events might have been altered. The only other point of possible objection deals also with presumable injustice. Mr. Bryce says:

"Those who quote the age of Queen Victoria and the age of Lewis [*sic*] the Fourteenth as instances to support the doctrine that eras of successful war and growing power herald, or coincide with, an epoch of literary creation, may expect to find that the incessant strife which has kept hot the blood of the citizens of some republics, and the rapid material progress

*SOUTH AMERICA. Observations and Impressions. By James Bryce. With maps. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE FLOWING ROAD. Adventures on the Great Rivers of South America. By Caspar Whitney. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE PATH OF THE CONQUISTADORES. Trinidad and Venezuelan Guiana. By Lindon Bates, Jr. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA. By Harry W. Van Dyke. With Introduction by John Barrett. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

of others, promise an era of intellectual production in South America. Of this, however, there has been no sign. National spirit seems little disposed to flow in this channel. In the southern republics there is plenty of energy, but not much of it is directed towards art or science or letters."

Such a judgment may be true enough in comparison with nearly any European country, but to those who have been impressed with the art of the Peruvian painter Bacaflor, or of the Chilean artist Sotomayor; to those who are familiar with the verse and fiction, in which perhaps Colombia and Brazil excel (and there are many who first came to realize the importance of Latin America as a literary power through the polished work of the late Brazilian ambassador, Senhor Nabuco); to those who recognize the value of the treatises on international law by the internationally known Argentine authority on the subject, Dr. Drago — to all such Mr. Bryce's statement would seem to demand modification.

But as a rule the author's criticisms — and they are few considering his opportunities to make them — are constructive, free alike from scorn and condescension. Perhaps the most important contribution of the present volume is its help toward a better understanding, largely fostered by the author's generous and sympathetic point of view. This is the spirit, for instance (though his favorite country seems to be Chile) in which he describes Brazil. "Not even the great North American republic has a territory at once so vast and so productive," — a territory which, if in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race, would in thirty years have fifty millions of inhabitants. But to Mr. Bryce "second or third thoughts suggest a doubt whether such a consummation is really in the interest of the world. May not territories be developed too quickly? Might it not have been better for the United States if their growth had been slower, if their public lands had not been so hastily disposed of, if in their eagerness to obtain the labour they needed they had not drawn in a multitude of ignorant immigrants from Central and Southern Europe?" British ownership, however, does not necessarily mean prosperity or development — even when the natural resources are not lacking. Bordering Brazil there is the colony of British Guiana, with territory as large as Great Britain, the possessor of boundless resources. "For nearly a century it has formed part of the British empire, yet its population is less than four souls to the square mile." But surely Mr. Bryce's observation as to our own development is just, and it cannot do us harm fully to realize the logic of it.

Such considerations as these, around which an infinite text and argument might be woven, form the basis for the latter half of the volume. Eleven of the sixteen chapters contain a simple narration, interspersed with glowing appreciation of the grandeurs of nature, of what Mr. Bryce saw both of the country and its inhabitants. In the remaining chapters, as might have been expected, the distinguished author draws liberally on his knowledge of history to give more point to his views. Not even Mr. Bryce deems himself qualified to give us general reflections on the future of these republics as a body, for they are too diversified to be treated collectively. But he does venture individual conclusions which are worthy of the most attentive consideration, and he so far avoids undue optimism as to content himself with saying: "The troubles of these ninety years have, accordingly, nothing in them that need dishearten either any friend of Spanish America or any friend of constitutional freedom."

If we stopped here we should give a very imperfect impression of Mr. Bryce's volume; but no review can do full justice to a work which must immediately be regarded as the last word on the subject, — to us of the North a necessary complement to "The American Commonwealth." One or two errors should be corrected in the next edition. Perhaps the most flagrant of these proclaims that "the area of Brazil is about 3,800,000 square miles larger than that of the United States"! Dom Pedro is throughout called "Don." An excellent index and some good maps complete a handsome volume.

All books of foreign travel are divided into two classes — those which are meant to be read and enjoyed at home, and those which are to be packed in a bag and consulted, something after the manner of a guidebook, on the spot. If Mr. Bryce's volume is one of the few which belong to both classes, two other recent works of South American travel, not less interesting in their way but in a vastly more confined extent, must be placed in the second. Mr. Caspar Whitney's "The Flowing Road" derives its title from the nature of his travel, — he tells of five separate overland and river expeditions into the heart of South America, all of which were largely undertaken by canoe and on streams more or less connected. Mr. Whitney's successful attempt to reach the unknown land at the head of the Orinoco River, through the unfriendly Indians and almost impassable natural barriers, when all save one native companion had fled, presents the other side of South Amer-

ican travel in a most engaging and romantic way. Mr. Bryce did not reach this part of the continent, and if he had he would no doubt have been lavishly entertained by the Colombian and Venezuelan governments. All the official provision that Mr. Whitney sought was help in procuring trustworthy guides,—help not particularly efficacious.

It is curious that more or less the same region traversed by Mr. Whitney,— that of the lower Orinoco, — is described in the volume by Mr. Lindon Bates, Jr., entitled "The Path of the Conquistadores." The trail of these picturesque old conquerors Mr. Bates followed in an expedition which started from Trinidad, proceeded up the Orinoco to Angostura, and thence on mule-back into the interior of Venezuela near the surmised location of the legendary Golden City of Manoa, in the search for which so many adventurers have given their lives. This volume is slighter in substance than in form, due to very large print and to the many and usually excellent illustrations. The text, however, forms an interesting mixture of fact and gossip about what is no doubt the least known and esteemed portion of the continent.

One of the more conventional books of South American travel is Mr. H. W. Van Dyke's "Through South America." It is introduced with a preface, by Mr. John Barrett, which rather "writes down" to the reader in such a way as to imply that both book and preface are intended as an elementary course for those who know little of South American history, institutions, or nature. If such be the case, the volume has fulfilled its intention; nowadays, however, with the ever-increasing flood of Latin-Americana, there seems little need for a further essay in a field which for the last ten years has been covered to satiety. But the present work, having much to commend it besides its admirable form and illustrations, should not be dismissed so superficially. The author has a happy way of expressing himself, and conveys his enthusiasms so naïvely as to make us instinctively share them — if we do not read too carefully. Though he by no means catches the spirit of such a book as Mr. Arthur Ruhl's "The Other Americans," or imparts the thrill of new discoveries conveyed in Mr. Bingham's "Across South America" (which latter title, by the way, is a serious omission in Mr. Van Dyke's bibliography), he does succeed in bringing home to us a pleasantly agreeable picture of life and nature in South America.

JULIAN PARK.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

I.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

A few of New England's many famous and historically interesting summer resorts are treated with the knowledge and sympathy of long acquaintance by Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard in his "Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland" (Little, Brown & Co.), which Mr. Louis H. Ruyl has adorned with thirty-two admirable drawings, printed on a tinted background. The haunts are all on or near the coast,—Newport, Plymouth, Quincy, Lexington, Concord, Sudbury (included for its Wayside Inn), Marblehead, Gloucester, Salem, Haverhill and Amesbury (the "Whittier country"), Newburyport, Portsmouth, and Portland. From the abundance of history and tradition, literature and legend, touching these fine old towns, Mr. Bullard has taken with a free hand, yet not without discrimination, for the enrichment of his book, while his own running commentary is packed with welcome explanation and suggestion and allusion. Writing of Salem, for example, he reminds us that "Hawthorne was not an admirer of Salem, but in Salem he lived, almost as a recluse, for years." And he wrote much about the old seaport, about its custom-house, its town pump, its now famous seven-gabled house, its "Main Street" (which is now Essex Street), and its romantic history. As the author points out, "Salem has no less than eight Hawthorne houses: the house of his birth, the house of his youth, the house of his courtship, the house in which James T. Fields persuaded him to surrender the manuscript of 'The Scarlet Letter,' these and the House of the Seven Gables, the custom-house, and two other houses in which the writer lived, account for some twenty-five years of his life." At Portsmouth the Aldrich house, now the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Museum, will be to many the chief object of interest. The book is of most inviting appearance, its rich binding displaying the Wayside Inn, stamped in gilt on the front cover.

That ancient bit of advice, If you wish to learn a subject thoroughly write a book about it, seems to have been followed faithfully by Mr. Philip Sanford Marden, who, when he was reading up for a visit to Egypt, failed to find just the kind of book he required for his enlightenment; and so, on his return from the Nile country, he has himself filled the gap and written the compactly informing and at the same time readable and enjoyable book that his own need had shown to be lacking. At any rate, this seems to have been the genesis of his "Egyptian Days" (Houghton), a volume similar in character and scope to his "Travels in Spain," which met with a kindly reception three years ago. What the intelligent tourist most wishes and needs to know, to make his Egyptian travels enjoyable and fruitful, is what Mr. Marden has tried to furnish in his six-

teen scholarly chapters, which are evenly divided between lower Egypt and the regions further up the Nile. The illustrations, forty-three in number, are mostly from photographs taken by the author, and the map at the end of the book is from his hand. A typical Egyptian scene in bright colors adorns the front cover. The volume is a fine piece of work in all respects — a suitable gift to the intending winter tourist or sojourner on the Nile.

One who can find such charm and fresh delight in a solitary canal-boat journey through rural England as Mr. E. Temple Thurston has found in his month's meanderings on board the "Flower of Gloster," and who can so well transfer his daily experiences and impressions to the printed page, ought not to seek in vain for readers. "The 'Flower of Gloster'" (Dodd), named from the newly and gaudily painted barge which he secured for his rather unusual form of outing, is written in much the same light-hearted, high-spirited vein as Stevenson's "Inland Voyage." "I would not for a kingdom," says Mr. Thurston, "have missed those few weeks in the heart of England, far distant from any of those main thoroughfares where the dust of motors powders the face of Nature till she is worse than some painted thing. Scarce a soul is to be met along those winding tow-paths, for you may be sure that where a canal runs from one town to another, that is the longest way it is possible to go." From Oxford to Inglesham, by these devious windings, the "Flower of Gloster" made her leisurely way, towed by faithful Fanny, while Fanny in turn was driven by Eynsham Harry — at thirty shillings a week and "found," though he would have gladly accepted considerably less. The copious illustrations of the book include six colored plates and are all from the deft hand of Mr. W. R. Dakin. That so much of interior England and Wales is accessible by canal-boat will be a surprise to most readers. The remorseless railway, with its short cuts and its saving of invaluable time, has put the inland waterways very much into the class of "back numbers," so that Mr. Thurston's voyage strikes one as decidedly novel and interesting and worthy of imitation.

Something distinctly out of the ordinary in European travel literature is presented by Mr. George Wharton Edwards in his "Marken and Its People" (Moffat), which is described on the title-page as "some account written from time to time both during and after visits covering some considerable space of time upon this most curious and comparatively unknown island — unknown in spite of the fact that thousands of tourists visit it each year, but of the character or life of these strange people they know little or nothing." The island in question, which is really a number of small sandy hillocks separated by shallow canals and strongly dyked against the invading Zuyder Zee, would probably remain uninhabited in any quarter of the globe where dry land is less at a premium than in Holland. It is surmised that the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition first caused the colonization of the unpromising islet, and the original manners and customs of these early settlers have been largely preserved to this day. In seventeen chapters and twenty pencil sketches and a colored frontispiece the author makes his readers somewhat familiarly acquainted with Marken ("Marriker" the natives call it) and its delightfully unsophisticated inhabitants. The book is as striking to the eye in its elaborate and Dutch-like exterior ornamentation as it is appealing to the interest in its reading matter.

A volume refreshingly original in recent travel literature is presented by Mr. Charles Fish Howell in his "Around the Clock in Europe" (Houghton). The plan of the work is explained to the eye by the cover design,—a clock dial with the names of twelve European cities running around it; and this plan is further elucidated by the author in his preface. His purpose was to convey in words a picture of each of these twelve places at what he has considered its typical hour. Thus Edinburgh is described as seen in the early afternoon, from one to two o'clock; Antwerp from two to three; Rome from three to four; Prague from four to five; Scheveningen from five to six; Berlin from six to seven; London from seven to eight; Naples from eight to nine; Heidelberg from nine to ten; Interlaken from ten to eleven; Venice in the hour before midnight; and gay and wicked Paris in the hour after midnight. Mr. Harold Field Kellogg has drawn twenty-five views (a vignette at the beginning of each chapter, and a larger plate inserted a little later) to embody, visually, the author's thought. Venice claims the added distinction of furnishing a motif for the book's frontispiece, a view of the Piazza San Marco from the Grand Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hale's "Motor Journeys" (McClurg) is made up of thirteen breezy narrative chapters that have appeared separately in "Harper's Magazine" and other periodicals, with numerous illustrations by Mr. Hale and an appended discussion by him of the cost of this mode of sight-seeing. Mrs. Hale (Louise Closser Hale) has written the rest of the book. It is in western Europe and northern Africa that the scene of the story — for it has some of the fascination of fiction — is laid. As to practical matters, Mr. Hale, who has made seven motor tours in Great Britain and on the Continent in the last eight years, asserts that the daily expense can be kept down to ten dollars or even less. France is the motorist's paradise; the roads are the best in Europe, and the hotel bills, except in the large cities, are moderate. But gasolene costs about twice what it does in England, for some unexplained reason. Spain stands at or near the other end of the scale for desirability to the automobilist. The artist's drawings for this series of motor journeys are many in number and tasteful in design. They are reproduced in such a manner as to convey the general impression of etchings. Intending motor-tourists will find the book of especial interest and full of useful hints and information.

Some voyagers, like Captain Amundsen and Commander Peary, seek the uttermost ends of the earth,

and then record their perilous adventures for admiring thousands to read; others, like R. L. Stevenson, content themselves with an inland voyage or a coastwise cruise, and let their inventive fancy play about the simple incidents of the outing in a way to amuse their host of appreciative readers. Mr. E. Keble Chatterton is one of the inland voyagers, and his "Through Holland in the Vivette" (Lippincott) is the variously entertaining logbook of "the cruise of of a 4-tonner from the Solent to the Zuyder Zee, through the Dutch waterways," with sixty illustrations, harbor-plans, charts, etc. As shown by "Down Channel in the Vivette," Mr. Chatterton knows how to get the very most out of a yachting trip such as the present volume describes. A few of his chapter-headings (such as "A Chapter of Accidents," "Southampton Water to Ramsgate," "Ramsgate to Calais," "Calais to Ostende," and so on, with landings at Dordrecht, Amsterdam, and other important points) may serve to indicate the nature of the book's contents. The author had as sailing mate Mr. Norman S. Carr, who sketched and photographed for the book's embellishment. It is a good substantial volume, ably planned and pleasingly executed.

Opportunity for the study of primitive savagery in darkest Africa is constantly narrowing with the invasion and settlement of those regions on the part of Europeans, so that in a few years it may be impossible for an explorer to produce such a book as Mr. M. W. Hilton-Simpson, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.R.A.I., has written in "Land and Peoples of the Kasai" (McClurg). It is "a narrative of a two years' journey among the cannibals of the equatorial forest and other savage tribes of the south-western Congo," and is illustrated with many process-prints from photographs taken in most instances by the author, and also with eight colored plates. A large folding map of the Belgian Congo follows the reading matter, and a ten-page index closes the book. The work shows the careful personal observation that gives value to books of its class. The author rejoices at having been able "to amass a great number of objects for the British Museum" and "to turn to good advantage the opportunities we had enjoyed of studying the primitive African negro before he has been materially changed by contact with the European."

To disabuse oneself of any lingering preconception that Switzerland is a country to be visited only in summer, one merely needs to open Mr. Edmund B. d'Auvergne's "Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow," a book that portrays with pen and camera the charms of the Swiss winter as nowise inferior to those of the Swiss summer. A chapter devoted to the native cold-weather sports finds appropriate place in the book, side by side with one on "Winter in the Alps." Other sections treat in agreeable detail of the St. Bernard dogs, the guides, the Lion of Lucerne, Chillon, Neuchatel, Berne, the Bernese Oberland, "the Protestant Rome," which is, of course, Geneva, the land of William Tell, the Swiss lowlands, and other districts and features of this favorite European playground. Incidents of travel and other personal experience enliven the author's pages and make it abundantly evident that he is writing from no second-hand or guide-book information. He loves his Switzerland, and he makes his feeling contagious. Thirty-six typical views, four of them colored, help to transplant the reader, in imagination, from his arm-chair to the lakes and mountains whose like are nowhere else to be found. Ornate binding, large print, an index to the proper names in the book, and a good box to hold the volume are all duly provided. (Little, Brown & Co.).

The Scottish Border has something in its very name that suggests romance, and of this agreeably suggestive quality Mr. A. G. Bradley has made the most in his rambling sketches of southeastern Scotland which he has gathered into a volume under the title, "The Gateway of Scotland, or East Lothian, Lammermoor, and the Merse" (Houghton). Mr. A. L. Collins contributes eight cheerful views in the opulent hues of nature — or even with somewhat more than nature's opulence in this matter of color — and fifty-seven soberer drawings in black and white. Mr. Bradley well says that the region chosen by him for description and comment is almost an unknown land to the great travelling public. His very first chapter, on Berwick-on-Tweed, will catch the average reader cherishing the mistaken fancy that this old town is on Scottish soil; and, indeed, as the author remarks, "that the whole south-eastern corner of what by every law of nature and common sense should be the Scottish county of Berwickshire beyond Tweed, even to the measure of some eight square miles of pastoral and tillage upland, is English soil, remains, I feel morally certain, a geographical and political curiosity only understood by Borderers." And what, furthermore, will ninety-nine non-Scottish readers out of a hundred conceive to be designated by such geographical names as East Lothian, Lammermoor, and the Merse? The book is well worth a nearer acquaintance,— if only for the sake of clearing up these obscurities.

Good line drawings that convey the impression of wood-cuts diversify in pleasing manner the pages of Mr. Percy Allen's "Burgundy, the Splendid Duchy" (Pott), and not even the eight water-colors by the same artist (Miss Marjorie Nash) can make us forgo our partiality for the less elaborate but more satisfying sketches. The reading matter which these illustrate and enliven comprises a series of "studies and sketches in South Burgundy," interweaving personal experience and learned comment in a way to win the reader's attention and make him considerably wiser in the art, history, traditions, and customs of the duchy than he was before. Burgundy has played no unimportant part in European history. The author reminds his readers that "it saw the genesis of a religious movement that was the greatest feature of eleventh and twelfth century history. Cluny was a nursery of popes; Citeaux became a

breeding-ground of saints; their abbots lorded it over mighty kings; they dictated to potentates and princes; they bent all western Europe beneath their sway." Mr. Allen's book is one of the best of its class, written not for the passing season, but for permanent keeping and repeated reading and consultation. Its appeal to the eye also makes it an attractive gift book.

Holiday Books of History.

Local history has no more enthusiastic devotee than Mr. Stephen Jenkins, careful chronicler of Broadway's numberless points of historic interest from Bowling Green to Albany, and more recently author of a companion volume on "The Story of the Bronx" (Putnam), which traces the borough's settlement and growth from its purchase by the Dutch (from the Indians) in 1639 to the present day. As with its predecessor, "The Greatest Street in the World," this work is the product of years of research and note-taking. The author says in his preface: "The preparation of this history has taken over a decade, during which time I have jotted down various facts and incidents as I have run across them, either in books, or in the daily press, or in magazines. I have kept no account of the sources from which I have drawn my facts, so that I can furnish no bibliography." But he acknowledges indebtedness to Bolton's and Scharf's histories of Westchester County. "The earlier history of the Borough," he tells us, "can be found in both these works, if one has plenty of time to search for it." Among his most interesting chapters are those touching on colonial manners and customs, the Bronx during the Revolution, the churches, early and later means of communication, and ferries and bridges. More than one hundred illustrations and maps are interspersed, the former from photographs taken by the author, and the latter so chosen as to represent the borough's topography at the close of each distinct period in its history. The frontispiece of the book is a reproduction of Mr. E. W. Deming's painting, "The Purchase of Keskeskeck, 1639," and there are numerous other illustrations. An excellent index of nearly twenty double-column pages completes the volume.

The springing of our American Boston from the loins of old Boston in England, whose famous church (St. Botolph's) is more than twice as old as the younger city which derives its name, indirectly, from the patron saint of the Lincolnshire town, is not yet so hackneyed a theme of historical narrative as to render superfluous Mr. Albert C. Addison's volume of original research and entertaining comment and discussion, "The Romantic Story of the Puritan Fathers, and their Founding of New Boston and the Massachusetts Bay Colony, together with Some Account of the Conditions which Led to their Departure from Old Boston and the Neighboring Towns in England" (Page). The length of the title, the greater part of which is really a sub-title, but worth noting for the sake of completeness, need not dismay any intending reader. The book itself is of moderate proportions, diversified with frequent illustrations from old and new Boston, especially the former. In fact, the parent rather than the lusty offspring claims the chief attention, which is gladly accorded. In the table of contents such promising headings as the following arrest the eye,—The Mayflower Pilgrims, The Puritan Exodus, A Boston Adventure, John Cotton, Quaint Services in Boston Church, Mutilation of the Town's Maces, Church Life in Boston, The Lincolnshire Movement, Faith and Flight of Cotton, Old Boston in Cotton's Day, The Bostons and "The Scarlet Letter," Links with Old Boston, and Cotton's Successors at St. Botolph's. The book is highly ornamented, with page-borders in olive green, tinted illustrations from photographs, a useful index, and a neat box to preserve all these good things from defacement.

Miss Mary Caroline Crawford has in former books succeeded so well in transporting her readers to the early times of Boston that large expectations are excited by the appearance of her "Romantic Days in the Early Republic" (Little, Brown & Co.). What she did so well for her own city in "Old Boston Days and Ways" and "Romantic Days in Old Boston" she now does for a larger constituency, selecting such portions of history and tradition as may restore to us with something of charm and fascination the by-gone days of Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Charleston, Richmond, New Orleans, and, in a concluding chapter, Boston once more and certain other cities of New England. Naturally, good use has been made of such interesting characters as Hamilton and Burr, Jerome Bonaparte and his wife, Lafayette, and Franklin, and Andrew Jackson, and many others. The materials for such reconstruction of the past are abundant; the merit of the book lies in their skilful use. No formal bibliography of her manifold theme is drawn up by the author, but her pages contain frequent incidental references to her authorities. A pleasanter way to study American history—the history of our manners and customs, and something about our great men and women of the past—could not be imagined than the way opened to the reader of Miss Crawford's chatty and anecdotal volumes. As in her former works, illustrations from old prints and portraits are given in profusion.

A re-issue in two volumes of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney's three volumes on the French *châteaux* (feudal, renaissance, and Bourbon) is among the season's notable books of travel and description. "Romance of the French Châteaux" (Putnam) will in its new form attract fresh readers. Its author's skill and artistry in interweaving the history and legend of the scenes visited by her are familiar to readers of her other "romance" volumes—on the French abbeys, the Italian villas, and the Roman villas. Her artist-husband, one gathers from her pages, accompanied her on her travels, and supplements the photographs that adorn her volumes with occasional less mechanical representations of things

seen. Among the famous castles pictured and described in the present work are to be noted the *châteaux* of Mont St. Michel, Falaise, Gaillard, Josselin, Laval, Châteaudun, Chaumont, Nantes, Amboise, Pau, Les Rochers, and others of equal celebrity. Les Rochers serves as excuse, if any were needed, for devoting considerable space to Madame de Sévigné and her circle. An index to the varied riches of these agreeable volumes would have increased their usefulness. The retention of the old page-numbering is a little confusing, but not easily avoidable. Otherwise the workmanship is all that could be desired.

Prepared especially for members of the City History Clubs, the twenty-four monographs comprising "Historic New York during Two Centuries" (Putnam) were originally published some years ago in two volumes. Their present collection in one-volume form at a moderate price ought to enlarge their circulation. The staff of editors and writers (including such names as Maud Wilder Goodwin, Alice Carrington Royce, Ruth Putnam, Eva Palmer Brownell, Alice Morse Earle, Oswald Garrison Villard, George E. Waring, Jr., George Everett Hill, Elizabeth Bisland, John B. Pine, Talcott Williams, Spencer Trask, and others of like prominence) is one to carry weight with all readers, and the subjects treated — such as "Fort Amsterdam in the Days of the Dutch," "The Early History of Wall Street," "The City Chest of New Amsterdam," "Old Greenwich," "King's College," "The Bowery," "Tammany Hall," "Bowling Green," "The Doctor in Old New York," and "Early Schools and Schoolmasters of New Amsterdam" — form an inviting list. Sixty-two illustrations and maps contribute to the attractiveness and value of the volume.

By the use of thin but opaque paper, one not unwieldy volume, entitled "Colonial Homesteads and their Stories" (Putnam), has been formed from the two already favorably known as "Some Colonial Homesteads" and "More Colonial Homesteads," written some years ago by her whose pen-name ("Marion Harland") is a guaranty of good literary quality and skilled workmanship. The stories of colonial life with which the above-named works abound will attract new readers to the present one-volume re-issue. Exceptional facilities for gathering the information they contain were enjoyed by the writer, who was received as a guest at the various homesteads pictured in her pages, and who had placed at her disposal all sorts of family records and faded manuscripts and curious mementos of a by-gone time, from which to frame her graphic chapters. The illustrations comprise both exterior and interior views and portraits, and are in lavish abundance. The southern and middle Atlantic States are chiefly represented in the mansion described, so that there remain many old New England houses for the full and intimate treatment which they, no less than these others, richly deserve. The original division into two parts, with full index to each, is preserved in the one-volume form of the work.

Holiday Art Books.

A novelty in the literature of arts and crafts is presented in "A Book of Hand-woven Coverlets," by Eliza Calvert Hall (Mrs. William Alexander Obenchain), whose "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" has made her name well-known in a rather different department of literature. The old-fashioned hand-woven coverlet is to her an object of human as well as of artistic interest, and she evidently feels that if she could understand it, woof and all, and all in all, she would know what God and man is. In it she sees "poetry, romance, religion, sociology, philology, politics, and history." Four years of search and travel in many states were spent in gathering facts and designs for her book; it was a new field of study, and she had to break her own road through the wilderness. Even if, as she intimates, there still remains a vast unexplored domain of coverlet-lore, her book is still a considerable and a praiseworthy achievement. Its ten agreeable chapters afford us a glimpse into the primitive times of the spinning-wheel and hand-loom; introduce to us the mountain weavers of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, where indeed "women are working at wheel and loom just as their great-great-grandmothers worked"; discuss the mysteries of coverlet designs and colors and names; touch on the historic and family associations of the "storied coverlet"; and, finally, appeal to the reader to rescue and cherish any heirloom of the coverlet kind that may be lying unappreciated in attic or storeroom. Sixteen colored plates and forty-eight in half-tone present to the eye as many patterns of hand-woven coverlets. The photographic process has transferred the minutest details of web and design to the page, and where colors have been used the beauty of the pattern is still further reproduced. The text is printed in unusually clear type, and the handsome binding shows, very appropriately, a pleasing coverlet design on the front cover. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The poetry of motion is lavishly pictured and adequately described in three notable volumes on the modern art of dancing, chiefly stage dancing. First, there is Miss Ethel L. Urlin's "Dancing, Ancient and Modern" (Appleton), a compact and useful treatise, giving briefly the history of the chief varieties and some minor varieties of the dance, even including the cake-walk, the Apache dances, Maori dances, and the *danse macabre*. As a handy epitome of the whole subject, with pleasing illustrations from paintings and from life, the book is to be commended. Appropriate selections from the poets are interspersed, and an embossed representation of Miss Maud Allan exemplifying the latest form of stage dancing adorns the cover. — The second work is Mr. J. E. Crawford Flitch's "Modern Dancing and Dancers" (Lippincott), a volume of quarto size enlivened with colored plates as well as with many half-tone illustrations. The author devotes one chapter to a cursory historical view, "The Ancient and Modern Attitude Towards the Dance," and then gives his attention to the ballet in different countries,

the skirt dance, the serpentine dance, the high kickers, the revival of classical dancing, Russian dancers, oriental and Spanish dancing, the revival of the morris dance, and the future of dancing. Believing as he does that "when the art historian of the future comes to treat of the artistic activity of the first decade of the twentieth century, he will remark as one of its most notable accomplishments a renaissance of the art of the Dance," he handles his theme with befitting seriousness and, what is more, engages the serious interest of the reader. Some good reproductions from Sargent and other painters are among the illustrations of this sumptuous volume.— Last but not least, we have Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Caffin's rich quarto volume, "Dancing and Dancers of Today" (Dodd), or, as the sub-title reads, "The Modern Revival of Dancing as an Art." Together with some tracing of the history of modern dancing there are chapters on individual dancers: Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, Ruth St. Denis, Genée, Mordkin, Pavlowa, Sacchetto, and Wiesenthal; and also chapters on the ballet, the Russian dance-drama, court dances, eccentric dancing, and folk dancing. Forty-eight large plates from photographs illustrate the work, which is ornately bound and boxed.

Mr. Frank Roy Fraprie, having already written agreeably of Bavarian inns and Scottish castles and Munich art galleries, confines his attention for his this year's book to a single great artist and his works. "The Raphael Book" (Page) is described in its subtitle as "an account of the life of Raphael Santi of Urbino and his place in the development of art, together with a description of his paintings and frescoes." Fifty-four full-page plates, six of them in color, reproduce or at least suggest to the reader's eye the chief masterpieces of this artist who first made religious painting something more than a stiff conventionality. New facts are of course not to be sought in any re-telling of the story of Raphael's life; but new points of emphasis, new opinions on debatable questions in his art, and fresh enthusiasm for his genius, are always possible and in order. It is in this freshness of presentation and hearty enjoyment of Raphael's peculiar merits that the strength of Mr. Fraprie's book lies. The volume ends with a useful list of pictures painted by or attributed to Raphael, and a twelve-page index. The many illustrations and handsome binding of the work make it a suitable gift book. It is neatly and strongly boxed.

Of increasing interest because of increasing rarity is the old colonial homestead exemplified by the Cabot house at Salem, the Fowler house at Danvers, the Jewett house at Georgetown, Mass., the Warner house at Portsmouth, and a number of others still standing in the older towns of our Atlantic States. "Colonial Homes and their Furnishings," by Miss Mary H. Northend, is a volume rich in descriptive details of such early and noteworthy examples of domestic architecture as are to be found in old Salem, Marblehead, Danvers, Newburyport, and other places not far distant, with a considerable study of old colonial furniture and decoration — all elaborately illustrated with more than two hundred plates. It was illness and a desire for occupation to divert her thoughts that first turned the author's attention to the subjects treated in her book, and now, she tells us in her preface, she has one of the most valuable existing collections of photographs illustrating those subjects. Her arrangement of topics, as indicated in the table of contents, is noteworthy. First she discusses old houses in their totality, then colonial doorways, door-knockers, old-time gardens, halls and stairways, wall-papers, chairs and sofas, sideboards and bureaus and tables, four-posters, mirrors, clocks, old-time lights, old china, old glass, old pewter, and old silver. The largeness of the book's pages admits of some unusually fine illustrations, as for instance that of the Nichols garden, the Middleton house, the Andrew-house doorway, and others that might be named. Clear type, a full index, and a rich and appropriate binding are among the book's excellences. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Mr. Henry C. Lahee has given so much attention to the rise of grand opera in this country as to qualify him for his latest undertaking, a volume on "The Grand Opera Singers of To-day" (Page), the object of which, he tells us in his preface, "has been to give some account of the leading singers who have been heard in America during the present century." But "those whose careers have been touched upon in 'Famous Singers of Yesterday and To-day,' and in 'Grand Opera in America' are not mentioned, except perhaps casually, in this book." The histories of the leading American opera houses are followed with some account of the various singers appearing on their stages, and criticisms of these opera singers are quoted from authoritative sources. The seven chapters deal with the Metropolitan Opera-House under Maurice Grau, the same under Heinrich Conried, the Manhattan Opera-House under Oscar Hammerstein, the Metropolitan (again) under Gatti-Casazza and Dippel, the Boston Opera-House under Henry Russell, and the Chicago-Philadelphia Company under Dippel. The list of singers treated with pen and camera within the ample compass of the book is too long to be given here. Among the impresarios, the variously gifted and boldly enterprising Mr. Hammerstein attracts most attention. A short concluding chapter, briefly retrospective and forward-looking, ends with the passage from Shaler's "Individual" which promises more for the future development of music than for any other of the fine arts. The book, in its red and gilt binding, and with its clear print and numerous portraits of opera singers in their characteristic *rôles*, is a notably attractive volume.

Last January Mr. Joseph Pennell went to Panama to make drawings of the Canal, and he found, when he arrived, that his visit had been well timed for catching views of the great works in their most stupendous stage and before the letting in of the water should have partly hidden those marvels of cyclopean engineering. A volume of twenty-eight reproductions from his original lithographs, preserving as

many views of the "big ditch" and its surroundings on the eve of its completion, is the result of his excursion. "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal" (Lippincott) is the title of the volume, in which the artist's pen has coöperated with his pencil in conveying some adequate impression of the wonders that confronted him. Picking his points of view with an eye to effect, and provided with an official pass that left him at liberty to risk his neck as boldly as he chose, Mr. Pennell was able to reproduce scenes that no photographer has yet caught; and he has imparted to them the charm and the æsthetic suggestion that no camera can capture. His Introduction and comments are an excellent aid to one's appreciation of both the engineering enterprise itself and the artistic undertaking of the undaunted sketcher.

A most engaging and lovable personality was that of the late William T. Richards, widely known for his paintings of the sea in all its varied moods. In Mr. Harrison S. Morris's small volume, "William T. Richards: A Brief Outline of his Life and Art" (Lippincott), is presented a pleasing portrait of the man and artist from the hand of one who knew him well and esteemed him highly. Richards was no mere painter of pictures; in him was "a touch of life beyond the monopolizing palette. . . . He was apt in all the pleasant devices of conversation, full of humor and quiet laughter, full of diverting stories from his travels and his contact with life in many countries, and full of that large acquaintance with books that furnishes a ripe mind with overflowing talk." Fourteen "masterpieces of the sea," as Mr. Morris rightly calls them, and one landscape are reproduced from Richards's canvases, and portraits of the artist and his wife are also given. In all its details the book is a handsome piece of work as well as an excellent bit of biography.

Holiday Editions of Standard Literature.

"The Life of the Bee," that wonderful book of M. Maeterlinck's which is neither science nor natural history, nor prosaic fact of any sort, but poetry and suggestion and beauty, all with a substantial basis in truth (which is itself the most suggestive and beautiful thing known), comes out again this season in a finely illustrated edition printed on heavy paper with generous margins, and ornately bound and boxed. The excellence of Mr. Alfred Sutro's limpid translation is already recognized. The illustration, done by Mr. Edward J. Detmold, will be found no whit inferior: his flower pictures have the effect of water-colors, or rather of nature itself; and his bees hovering over them can almost be heard to buzz, so that, as in the case of the famous bee painted by Quintin Matsys of old, a nervous person might be inclined to draw forth pocket-handkerchief and flirt them away. There are thirteen of these exquisite designs, loosely mounted on heavy tinted paper, while the cover further displays the artist's skill. In all its appointments this edition of a work whose aim is "to speak of the bees very simply, as one speaks of a subject one knows and loves to those who know it not," is in beautiful accord with the high aim of its author. The book is of quarto size, which gives ample scope to both printer and illustrator to do their best work. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

In rich holiday attire appears Mr. Kipling's "Kim," the orphan lad of Lahore who, though he owned a European costume — trousers, a shirt, and a battered hat — "found it easier to slip into Hindu or Mohammedan garb when engaged on certain businesses," and who, "as he reached the years of indiscretion, learned to avoid missionaries and white men of serious aspect who asked him who he was and what he did. For Kim did nothing with an immense success." He knew the wonderful walled city of Lahore from end to end, was intimate with men who lived stranger lives than were ever dreamt of by Haroun al Raschid, and his whole existence was a continuous "Arabian Nights" tale. But, remarks the author, missionaries and secretaries of charitable societies could not see the beauty of it. The beauty of it, or at least the interest of it, has nevertheless appealed to thousands of readers, and many more are likely to be drawn to the story by this handsome edition, illustrated with reproductions of the series of terra cotta placques designed for the story by the author's father, J. Lockwood Kipling, and having as end-leaves a colored reproduction of one of Verestchagin's paintings. Colored borders set off the plates, which are themselves tinted, and the binding is in red and gold. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

In a handsome two-volume edition, for which the type was entirely reset, and which has sixty-four well-chosen illustrations, "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" reappears in Mr. Herbert Trench's authorized translation from the Russian of Dmitri Merejkowski. It is ten years since this remarkable romance of a great artist's life was first offered to English readers by its present publishers (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and in that time, as is announced on the reverse of the title-page, it has had no fewer than eight re-printings. The plates provided for this edition embrace a large number of reproductions of Leonardo's paintings and of other works of contemporary artists, also portraits and views in abundance. The late disappearance (and repeatedly reported reappearance) of the famous "Mona Lisa" portrait from the Louvre gives especial timeliness to this fine edition of the Russian romancer's book; and his chapter, in the second volume, on "Mona Lisa Gioconda" acquires a current interest apart from its own literary merits. The artist's portrait of himself, in the Uffizi Gallery, furnishes a frontispiece for the first volume, while his "Mona Lisa" performs a like service for the second. The volumes are attractively bound in blue and gilt.

In a new edition, uniform with recent reissues of Dean Ramsay's and John Galt's pictures of Scottish life and character, there is now revived that classic of the early nineteenth century, "The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith" (McClurg), by David Macbeth Moir, contemporary and friend of John Galt and a writer gifted with an exquisite humor

and a deft touch in the portrayal of personal oddities. Contributing frequently to "Blackwood's Magazine" in the twenties — in fact it was there that "Mansie" made its appearance as a serial — Moir gained a reputation that was further increased by the rapid reissue in edition after edition of his masterpiece, the book now under consideration. Mansie is a most laughably and lovably conceited person, as depicted by himself in this his alleged autobiography. In the mere record of his birth he cannot conceal his foible, for he speaks of his father and mother as "little, I daresay, jalousing, at the time their eyes first met, that fate had destined them for a pair, and to be the honoured parents of me, their only bairn." The tremendously important events of Mansie's sartorial career, of his courtship and marriage and all the little domesticities of his life, make the richest of reading as told by the chief actor in the drama. The book was well worth reviving, and in its present handsome form, with colored illustrations from oil paintings by Mr. Charles Martin Hardie, R.S.A., it is a book to own and to keep.

It is almost half a century since the late John Hay struck that vein of popular ballad poetry that proved so rich during the short time he worked it. "The Pike County Ballads," first collected in an unpretentious volume that achieved a circulation far smaller than it deserved, are now issued in handsome form, with illustrations admirably suited to their character, by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. N. C. Wyeth is the artist, and he prefaces his work with a short introduction. "I have endeavored," he says, modestly, "to add my mite to these already potent lines; to lift the curtain intermittently, to draw the veil aside cautiously, and look upon the unsuspecting folk of Pike County." Seven colored and a greater number of uncolored drawings admirably catch the spirit of the ballads. On the book's front cover are depicted three typical Pike County characters, and the end-leaves bear representations of still other specimens of the same gentry.

In a serviceable and beautiful "pocket edition," the romances of Théophile Gautier, translated and edited by Professor F. C. de Sumichrast, of Harvard University, illustrated with full-page photogravure plates of a striking nature, and flexibly but strongly bound in limp leather, are issued in a uniform set of ten volumes by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., and are offered in sets only. The "Travels" of the same author, also translated by Professor de Sumichrast, are published in a set of seven volumes, uniform in style with the novels, by the same publishers. Any one of these seven volumes may be bought separately. Introductions, presenting in brief and readable form much bibliographical and biographical information and occasional critical comment, are supplied by the translator. The richness and color of Gautier's style seem to have been well reproduced in this version of his works, of which the travel volumes especially show him to be a master of vivid description, seizing upon what is most characteristic in the different countries visited. This opportunity to obtain a uniform set of his writings in so trustworthy a version and at moderate cost should not be neglected either by libraries or by individual purchasers.

In the year following its first appearance, and already with a circulation of one hundred and thirty-five thousand to its credit, Mr. Jeffery Farnol's romance, "The Broad Highway," comes forth with its charm renewed and heightened in a holiday edition printed from new plates, with twenty-four colored pictures by Mr. Charles E. Brock, and an additional one on the front cover of the artistic binding. Mr. Brock's previous work has marked him as an illustrator quite equal to the task of doing justice to Peter and Charmian, Black George and Prue, Sir Maurice Vibart, and the Ancient, and the other leading characters of this vivid romance. Drawing and coloring alike are remarkably well done, and not even the beautiful heroine herself could have been more acceptably conceived. A short preface of thanks to his hospitable public is furnished by the author, who naturally finds himself in a mood to rejoice that the stony and difficult part of the highway over which he and Peter have travelled to success and prosperity is now well passed. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Burlington Library" (Little, Brown & Co.) is well represented this season by two new volumes, Keats's "Poems" and Kingsley's "Water-Babies," each provided with twenty-four graceful illustrations in color, and each also artistically jacketed and boxed. Mr. Averil Burleigh's pictures for the Keats volume are beautifully drawn. The even distribution of the plates through the book, at every sixteenth page, as a rule has resulted in a certain severance of picture from the poem it illustrates, which might have been avoided — a slight discord that is repeated in "The Water-Babies." Miss Ethel F. Everett's colored drawings for this ever-popular story show understanding of the author's intention and are designed in the true spirit of fairy-land. Few if any inexpensive color books can match this Burlington series, which now contains seven well-chosen volumes.

Rabelais, in the vigorous seventeenth-century English of Sir Thomas Urquhart, and copiously illustrated with appropriate drawings by Mr. W. Heath Robinson, appears in a two-volume edition at a moderate price. The antique flavor of this time-tested version corresponds well with the archaism of Rabelais's style, and the humorous conceits of the illustrator fall no whit behind the amusing inventions of the author. More than one hundred of these drawings are interspersed. The volumes are tastefully and strongly bound. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Holiday Anthologies.

Although Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt's volumes, "The Charm of London" and "The Charm of Venice" (Jacobs), are compilations as to their reading matter, the range and variety of the selections and the superior quality of the illustrations (from water-colors by Mr. Yoshio Markino and Mr. Harald Sund) give the books an excellence not attained by

the ordinary holiday publication of this sort. Each of the volumes contains about two hundred well-chosen extracts in prose and verse from approved sources, including American as well as English authors. Twelve excellent reproductions of water-color drawings are provided for each volume, those for London being from Mr. Markino's brush, those for Venice from Mr. Sund's. The Japanese artist's style is already familiar to the many readers of his books; and Mr. Sund's drawings are equally pleasing in their way. It is remarkable how carefully the former artist, coming of a nation whose art seems to us so devoid of the principle of perspective, has rendered the perspective, especially the atmospheric perspective, in his London scenes. The delicacy and finish in both sets of illustrations make them a delight to the eye.

For its maximum of wisely-chosen Christmas verse within a minimum of space, no compilation of its sort could well surpass Mr. Edward A. Bryant's "Yule-tide Cheer" (Crowell), which has brought together all the familiar old carols and poems of the season, and also a good number of the newer and less familiar pieces of verse appropriate to the same joyous season —all arranged according to subject in eight sections, "Yule-tide Anticipations," "The Yule Log," "Santa Claus and Other Saints," "Christmas Day," "Christmas in Sacred Song," "Christmas Carols," "New Year's," and "Epiphany." Poems as old as the Anglo-Norman carol of the thirteenth century, supposed to be the oldest extant carol in our tongue, and as modern as Father Tabb's and Mr. Bliss Carman's Christmas pieces, find a place in the book. To the table of contents and the index of titles and first lines an index of authors might wisely have been added. The little volume is tastefully printed and bound and boxed, and has an appropriate frontispiece.

Of late years, no holiday season has been complete without its book on the cheerful art of being happy. This season accordingly brings forth an elaborately ornamented and at the same time pleasing volume of prose and verse selections compiled by Miss Jennie Day Haines under the title "A Book of Happiness" (Jacobs). Mr. Orison Swett Marden, that indefatigable preacher of the gospel of success, contributes the first extract, and Mrs. Browning occupies the place of highest honor, at the end of the list. Between the two there must be nearly a thousand other quotations, short and long, prose and verse, grouped in chapters appropriately headed. To the indeterminate "Selected" are credited a considerable number of passages. From Leigh Hunt comes one of the shortest and best: "It is books that teach us to refine our pleasures when young, and to recall them with satisfaction when we are old." Whether or not happiness will come by taking thought, no more attractive book of its sort could be asked for as a gift volume.

The latest but not the least addition to the series of volumes devoted to poems of places comes from the editorial hand of Mr. J. Walker McSpadden, and is called "The Alps as Seen by the Poets" (Crowell). The poems, selected with good judgment from the great poets, and from some of their minor fellow-singers, are grouped geographically and in alphabetic order under such headings as Appenzell, Berne, Fribourg, Geneva, etc. Sixteen colored views of Alpine scenery, bringing out, here and there, some admirable effects of light and shade on lofty mountain peaks, are furnished by Mr. A. D. McCormick, Mr. J. Hardwicke Lewis, and Miss May Hardwicke Lewis. The cover design is striking and appropriate. The editor has written an introduction, and the printer has used his best and clearest type.

Miscellaneous Holiday Books.

Chloe, the wife of old Crispin the mushroom-gatherer, was "worn to a frazzle" with the care of her ten children (all bad but one, Boadicea), and so she looked about for a "minder" to relieve her of care, and finally sent for her nephew Bill, who cleaned the boots. It is the entrancing story of "Bill the Minder" which Mr. W. Heath Robinson has told, with pen and pencil, "for such youngsters — from nine to ninety — as love their 'Peter Pan' and 'Alice in Wonderland.'" No one would have suspected Bill of having the makings of a good minder in him; hence the surprise and delight with which his many and original methods of baby-minding are viewed by every appreciative reader. He took to the calling with the enthusiasm of an artist. Naturally, therefore, he carried off all the prizes at "the great annual Minding Tournament held by the Duke to celebrate his birthday." The astonishing adventures of Bill and the children whom he minded, ending with the siege and capture of Troy, will keep a whole family in entertainment for many a winter's evening. The pictures—sixteen colored plates and innumerable line drawings—are admirably in harmony with the rollicking, whimsical, delightfully absurd tenor of the tale they illustrate: and they are, in their way, good art also. The book is of large octavo dimensions, handsomely and strongly bound and boxed, and printed in the clearest of type. It is a veritable treasury of mirth and cleverness. (Holt.)

The wholesome delights of an out-door life in the summer are pictured with pen and camera in Mrs. Frances Kinsley Hutchinson's book, "Our Country Life" (McClurg), which is written after a ten years' test of that mode of existence on a woodland retreat in Wisconsin. Nature-study, especially bird-study, chicken-raising, gardening, boating on the near-by lake, entertaining visitors, motoring to points of interest in the neighborhood, these and similar health-giving pursuits and recreations fill the days of Mrs. Hutchinson and her household during the long vacation season; and sometimes they seek the retreat for a breathing-spell in the winter also. A glance at the chapter-headings of her book will excite desire to explore its pages. In an engaging manner the author tells of her garden, the bantams, the lake, the exhilarating experience of sleeping under the stars, the country in winter, the story of

Nan (a motherless bird), the little daily doings of the family, and so on. A multitude of photographic views, charming bits of rurality, including various aspects of the foliage-embowered and vine-clad home of the writer, make the book most attractive to the eye. There is a veritable riot of vegetation in these pictures, though the primness of one formal garden is also exhibited. The volume is fittingly bound in green, with end-leaves depicting green lawn and spreading trees, and a low-roofed building in the background.

A picture-book of children, for lovers of children, with accompanying verses by Mr. Burges Johnson, comes from the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. in sumptuous quarto form, with the title "Childhood." The pictures, twenty in number, are full-page plates from photographs taken by Cecilia Bull Hunter and Caroline Ogden, and present as many aspects of happy infancy and early childhood, with occasional accompanying glimpses of motherhood and grandmotherhood. In a vein not unlike that of Eugene Field, Mr. Johnson furnishes appropriate lines for each illustration. The verses are printed in brown on heavy paper, with ornamental initial letters and a simple page-border. The illustration to each set of verses follows it on the next right-hand page, being loosely attached and bordered with brown. The left-hand pages are blank — inviting additional rhymes or pictures, or both, from home talent and based on home themes. A large outdoor scene, with a sturdy urchin in the foreground, ornaments the cover, which itself is in light-brown cloth, artistically stamped in gilt. This is just the book for the young mother and the growing family, and is not without attractions for the old who have once been children themselves.

Every landscape has as many aspects as it has beholders. The Swiss views which we see through Mr. G. Flemwell's eyes in his exquisitely-illustrated volume, "The Flower-Fields of Switzerland" (Dodd), are by no means the same as those pictured in any of the several other noteworthy Switzerland books of the present season. Mr. Flemwell is a flower-lover, a flower-painter, and a botanist. He writes the flower-names with capital initial letters in his book, and he sees flowers as the chief feature of the landscape. Hence his beautiful colored pictures of Swiss mountain slopes and brooksides and nooks and corners are resplendent with nature's choicest hues. His earlier work, "Alpine Flowers and Gardens," met with deserved success, but left untreated those aspects of the Alpine fields, especially in spring, which have won his enthusiastic admiration, and which he now so admirably reproduces. Each view, loosely mounted on heavy paper, is like a water-color for delicacy. Flower effects, in mass at a distance, and in detail in the foreground, are given with unusual skill, and the accompanying comment and description from his pen are in good taste. He closes with a plea for the introduction of this feature of Alpine loveliness into England, where the daisy, the buttercup, and the dandelion might well be supplemented by many examples of the Swiss wild-flowers. Mr. Henry Correvon, horticulturist at Floraire near Geneva, and a friend of the author, prefaces the book, which contains reproductions of twenty-five of the author-painter's water-colors, not counting the one on the cover. It is one of the most strikingly beautiful volumes of the season.

Two of the late Katharine Prescott Wormeley's most important translations from the French — "Illustrious Dames of the Court of the Valois Kings" and "The Ruin of a Princess" — are now, a dozen years after their first appearance in an edition too expensive for popular purchase, republished in handsome but less costly form, with all the original illustrations, and with no curtailment of text, by the Lamb Publishing Company. It is from Brantôme's "Vies des Dames Illustres" and "Vies des Dames Galantes," with Sainte-Beuve's "Monday Chats" on five of the chosen dames, that the translator has drawn her material for the first-named work; and from Madame Elisabeth, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and Cléry, Louis the Sixteenth's valet, that she gets her account of "the ruin of a princess," that unfortunate lady being Madame Elisabeth herself. Brantôme's style, his ingenuous frankness in recording various sorts of rascality perpetrated by his contemporaries, need not here be commented on. It makes brisk and not seldom amusing reading. The pathos in the undeserved tribulations of the heroine of the other work will appeal to every reader not wholly bereft of pity. The well-known smoothness and trustworthiness of Miss Wormeley's rendition have contributed much to the popularity of the many works bearing her name as translator. The two volumes here named are uniform in style, each having eight photogravures, and each being excellently printed and handsomely bound in blue and gold.

Our ever-increasing interest in the Land of the Rising Sun, a land that has so recently emerged from the semi-darkness of her mediævalism into the glare of modernity, makes welcome and timely such a variously informing and curiously entertaining volume as Mr. F. Hadland Davis's "Myths and Legends of Japan" (Crowell). It is the fruit of careful study and wide reading, the now sufficiently numerous standard authorities on things Japanese having been pressed into service in the compiling of the book. No country has a richer folklore than Japan, and Mr. Davis's chapter-headings alone convey some idea of its range and variety. He has collected the noteworthy legends concerning the national heroes and warriors, the fox that so often figures in popular tales, the majestic Mount Fujiyama ("the Never-dying Mountain"), Yuki-onna ("the Lady of the Snow"), dolls, butterflies, fans, thunder, tea, birds, trees, mirrors, bells, and innumerable other things; and there are added a brief treatise on Japanese poetry, a list of the native divinities, a bibliography, an index of poetical quotations, and, finally, a combined glossary and index to the entire work. Miss Evelyn Paul has produced thirty-

two colored pictures in which she is remarkably successful in embodying that indefinable quality at once recognized as so peculiarly pleasing in native illustration. She has made the book a thing of beauty as well as one of entertainment and instruction.

An artist's wife, herself a woman of letters, assumes, for the first time apparently, the cares and responsibilities of a housewife in London, and straightway has a succession of memorable and frequently harrowing experiences with her domestics. Beggars, too, of many sorts, but chiefly of the most respectable appearance, help to vary the monotony of her existence. "Our House, and London out of Our Windows" (Houghton), by Mrs. Joseph Pennell, with pictures by Mr. Pennell, tells in a sprightly fashion the story of this experiment at home making under unfamiliar conditions. The "house" was in reality a flat, three flights up and with a command of sundry picturesque views of roofs and river and busy street—views that the artist has turned to account, in his well-known manner, for the further enlivening of his wife's already lively narrative. Sixteen of these glimpses of "London out of our windows" are offered, depicting with Mr. Pennell's customary charm and skill many of the most characteristic aspects, both by day and by night, of the greatest of modern cities. In this new and handsome edition, with the added attraction of Mr. Pennell's illustrations, the book is sure to find the wide circle of readers which it so well deserves.

A stern parent, or one who tries to be stern, a pretty and rather saucily self-reliant daughter, an ardent and determined lover, a steam yacht belonging to the stern parent, some blue ocean, a transaction in real estate—these and sundry other persons and things, skilfully compounded and flavored with sentiment, spiced with wit, and embellished with the illustrator's art, go to make up Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour's annual demonstration of the incontrovertible truth that "love will find a way." The tale is of the briskly entertaining sort, with an abundance of spirited dialogue and a sufficiency of incident, and its title is "The Harbor of Love." Mr. George W. Plank illustrates it in color, and Mr. Edward S. Holloway supplies the decorative page-borders and other ornamentation. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

A little tale of courtship and marriage and parenthood amid surroundings of rural simplicity and beauty and quiet is told by Miss Clarice Vallette McCauley in "The Garden of Dreams" (McClurg). A prologue and a series of letters, chiefly from the hero to a sympathetic woman friend, with others from the heroine to her dead father and other persons not dead, unfold the drama, and we take leave of the happy pair rejoicing over the birth of a son. Miranda is the appropriate name of the unspoilt maiden whom the Ferdinand of the romance—though that is not his name—wooes and wins. The little volume is tastefully printed, with tinted page-borders, and an ornamental binding

The Season's Books for the Young.

The following is a list of all children's books published during the present season and received at the office of The Dial up to the time of going to press with this issue. It is believed that this classified list will commend itself to Holiday purchasers as a convenient guide to the juvenile books for the season of 1912.

Stories of School Life for Boys.

Henley's American Captain. By Frank E. Channon. Illustrated, 12mo. "Henley Schoolboys Series." Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Campus Days. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

"Pewee" Clinton, Plebe: A Story of Annapolis. By William O. Stevens. Illustrated, 12mo. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Green C: A High School Story. By J. A. Meyer. Illustrated, 12mo. Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

The Pennant. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated, 12mo. Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25 net.

For Old Donchester; or Archie Hartley and His Schoolmates. By Arthur Duffey. Illustrated, 12mo. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25.

The Fourth Down. By Leslie W. Quirk. Illustrated, 12mo. "Wellworth College Series." Little, Brown & Co. $1.20 net.

Stories of School Life for Girls.

Nancy Lee. By Margaret Warde. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo. Penn Publishing Co. $1.20 net.

Sue Jane. By Maria Thompson Daviess. Illustrated, 12mo. Century Co. $1.25 net.

Dorothy Brooke at Ridgemore. By Frances C. Sparhawk. Illustrated, 12mo. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.50.

Peggy Stewart at School. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Illustrated, 12mo. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

A Junior Co-Ed. By Alice Louise Lee. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo. Penn Publishing Co. $1.20 net.

When Margaret Was a Sophomore. By Elizabeth Hollister Hunt. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

Polly Prentiss Goes to School. By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. Illustrated, 12mo. Penn Publishing Co. $1.

Jean Cabot at Ashton. By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Illustrated, 12mo. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1. net.

Marjorie in the Sunny South. By Alice Turner Curtis. Illustrated, 12mo. Penn Publishing Co. $1.

Stories of Travel and Adventure.

Four Boys on Pike's Peak: Where They Went, What They Did, What They Saw. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated, 12mo. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50 net.

Old Four-Toes; or, Hunters of the Peaks. By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrated, 12mo. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.50.

Lieutenant Ralph Osborn aboard a Torpedo Boat Destroyer. By Commander E. L. Beach, U.S.N. Illustrated, 12mo. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.

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WHEN CHRISTMAS CAME TOO EARLY. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett. Illustrated, 12mo. Little, Brown & Co. 75 cts. net.

THE TURKEY DOLL. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin Co. 75 cts. net.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY FOT SANTA CLAUS. By Ida M. Huntington. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo. Rand, McNally & Co. 75 cts.

THE COMPLETE OPTIMIST. By Childe Harold. Illustrated, 12mo. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts. net.

THE STORY OF THE DISCONTENTED LITTLE ELEPHANT. Told in Pictures and Rhyme by E. OE. Somerville. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo. Longmans, Green & Co. 60 cts. net.

THE BUNNIKIN-BUNNIES AND THE MOON KING. By Edith B. Davidson. Illustrated in color, etc., 16mo. Little, Brown & Co. 50 cts. net.

Good Books of All Sorts.

BILL THE MINDER. Written and illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo. Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 net.

BEST STORIES TO TELL TO CHILDREN. By Sara Cone Bryant. Illustrated in color, 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

THIS YEAR'S BOOK FOR BOYS. By various authors. Illustrated in color, etc., 4to. George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

THE CASTLE OF ZION: Stories from the Old Testament. By George Hodges. Illustrated, 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

PRAYERS FOT LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN. By "John Martin." Illustrated in color, 12mo. Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

CHATTERBOX FOR 1912. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo. Dana Estes & Co. $1.25.

SUNDAY READING for the Young. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo. Dana Estes & Co. $1.25.

CHATS WITH CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH. By James M. Farrar, LL.D. 12mo. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.

NEXT-NIGHT STORIES. By Clarence Johnson Messer. Illustrated, 12mo. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1. net.

THE ADMIRAL'S LITTLE COMPANION. By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. Illustrated, 12mo. Penn Publishing Co. $1.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR THE YOUNG. By George Ludington Weed. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo. George W. Jacobs & Co. $1. net.

THE STALWARTS: How Oxford Students Stood for Protestantism. By Frank E. Channon. With frontispiece in color, 12mo. New York: American Tract Society. 50 cts. net.

LITTLE PETER PANSY. By Carro Frances Warren. Illustrated, 12mo. Philadelphia: David McKay. 50 cts.

QUAINT OLD STORIES to Read and Act. By Marion Florence Lansing, M.A. Illustrated, 12mo. "Open Road Library." Ginn & Co. 35 cts.

AFTER LONG YEARS, and Other Stories. Translations from the German by Sophie A. Miller and Agnes M. Dunne. Illustrated, 12mo. "Sunshine and Shadow Series." A. S. Barnes Co.

NOTES.

Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman has now nearly completed a new novel, to be entitled "Judith Kent, Freewoman."

"Bunker Bean" is the title of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's new novel, which Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish in January.

"John, Jonathan and Company," by Mr. James Milne, being an Englishman's impressions of America, will be published at once by the Macmillan Co.

Dr. Charles F. Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, has made a thorough revision of his work, "The Family," which will be published early next year by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

We learn from Mr. Manly's Introduction to the new collected edition of the work of William Vaughn Moody that a volume of Moody's letters is soon to be published, "under the care of one of his most intimate friends."

"Mr. Achilles" by Mrs. Jennette Lee, recently brought out in book form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., is to be published shortly in an edition for the blind. Mrs. Lee's previous stories, "Uncle William" and "Happy Island," have also been brought out in this way.

Two important volumes on opposite sides of the Home Rule Question, to be issued immediately by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., are "Aspects of Home Rule," a collection of speeches by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour; and "Dublin Castle and the Irish People," by Mr. Barry O'Brien.

Sophie Swett, a talented writer of children's books, died on November 12 at Arlington Heights, Mass. She was at one time associate editor of "Wide Awake," a prominent children's magazine of a generation ago, and is the author of some forty books for young people.

Still another effort toward solving the "Edwin Drood" mystery has been made, this time by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, whose contribution to the subject will be published by the George H. Doran Co. under the title "The Problem of Edwin Drood: A Study in the Methods of Charles Dickens."

"The Happy Warrior" is the title of a new novel by Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "Once Aboard the Lugger," which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will publish in January. This house has also in press for January publication "Joyful Heatherby" by Mrs. Payne Erskine, and "The Little Gray Shoe" by Mr. Percy J. Brebner.

The many teachers and others who followed with interest the newspaper reports of the lectures given at the Columbia Summer School this year by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, the well-known English classicist, will be interested in knowing that Dr. Rouse's three elementary Greek books, "A First Greek Course," "A Greek Reader," and "A Greek Boy at Home," have been published in the United States by Charles E. Merrill Company, by arrangement with Messrs. Blackie & Son, the English publishers.

An opportunity for ambitious young essayists to try their pens on a subject worthy of their best efforts is extended by the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, which offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay by an undergraduate male student of any college or university in the United States or Canada, on "International Arbitration." Essays should not exceed five thousand words in length, and it is preferred that they be typewritten. An understand-

ing of the nature and history of international arbitration, and of the Hague Conference and Court, must be shown by the writer. The contest closes the fifteenth of next March. Further particulars will be furnished upon application by Mr. H. C. Phillips, secretary, Mohonk Lake, Ulster County, N. Y.

The lectures delivered at Columbia University last spring by Sir Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek in Oxford University, will be published this month by the Columbia University Press, under the title "Four Stages of Greek Religion." The Press also announces for immediate publication "Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704–1750," by Elizabeth Christine Cook, Ph.D.

M. Romain Rolland is just finishing his "Jean Christophe" and intends to entitle the last of the ten volumes of the French edition "La Fin du Voyage." He had earlier thought of calling that volume "Une Nouvelle Journée." The concluding volume, which Messrs. Holt will issue simultaneously with Mr. Heinemann, in London, will contain the last three volumes of the French edition, and is likely to appear in February.

Professor W. H. Schofield, Harvard Exchange Professor at the University of Paris in 1911, has prepared for publication a series of lectures which he delivered at the Sorbonne and at the University of Copenhagen. The volume will be entitled "Chivalry in English Literature" and will trace the growth of the ideal of chivalry as it is illustrated in the works of Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare. The book is announced for immediate publication by Harvard University.

In the sudden death, on November 25, of Frank Hall Scott, president of The Century Co., the American publishing trade loses one of its ablest and most energetic members. Mr. Scott was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1848. He entered the office of "Scribner's Monthly" in 1870, and in 1893 became president of The Century Co., which position he has held since that time. A prominent member of the American Publishers Association, he has been active in all good works having the betterment of the book trade for their object. His frequent visits to London gave him opportunity for personal acquaintance with the foremost writers and artists of his day, by whom he was held in affectionate regard.

The passing of a famous publisher is noted with regret in the recent death of William Blackwood, grandson of the founder of the house of William Blackwood and Sons, and a man so well known among writers and with so many memorable experiences to record in his diary (if he kept one, as is now hoped to have been the case) that a volume of very readable reminiscences ought to be forthcoming at the hands of his literary executor. His success with the magazine that came into his hands with his assumption of the management of the business a generation ago was not the least of his triumphs. "Blackwood's" is an object of especial interest to us by reason of its having served as a model for our foremost literary monthly when Lowell and Fields were planning that noteworthy undertaking more than half a century ago, and both magazines have had to contend with the difficulties arising from the recent remarkable vogue of the low-priced illustrated monthly. The late Mr. Blackwood was a man of culture, educated at Glasgow University, the Sorbonne, and Heidelberg, and was esteemed an accomplished letter-writer by his correspondents. A selection from his letters, if nothing more, ought to be given to the public at an early date.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

December, 1912.

Advertising, A Revolution in. Elizabeth C. Billings. *Atlantic.*
Alaska, Alone across. G. F. Waugh . . *World's Work.*
American College, Function of the. A. K. Rogers . . . . . *Popular Science.*
Andersen, Hans Christian, and His Tales. Georg Brandes . . . . . *Bookman.*
Anger, The Price of. Ellwood Hendrick . . . *Atlantic.*
Arctic, My Quest in the. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. *Harper.*
Balkan Situation, The. Svetozar Tonjoroff and Stephen Bonsal . . . . . *North American.*
Balkans, The Militant Democracy of the. Albert Sonnichsen . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Barley, The, that Encompassed the Earth. F. B. Stockbridge . . . . . *World's Work.*
Bergson, Henri. Alvan S. Sanborn . . . . . *Century.*
Birds, Government Protection of. George Gladden . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Books, On the Selling of. R. S. Yard . . . . *Bookman.*
Burns of the Mountains. Emerson Hough . . *American.*
Calendar, Reforming the. Oberlin Smith . *Pop. Science.*
Candlemas. Harriet M. Kilburn . . . . . *American.*
Children in Fiction. Richard Le Gallienne . . . *Harper.*
Christmas Good Fellows. Clifford Raymond . *American.*
Christmas Voyage and Picture Gallery. Algernon Tassin . . . . . *Bookman.*
Coal Monopoly, The. L. L. Redding . . . *Everybody's.*
College Women, Exclusiveness among. Edith Rickert . . . . . *Century.*
Cordova and the Way There. W. D. Howells . . *Harper.*
Debt, Dangers of Our Growing. C. W. Baker. *World's Work.*
Dedication, The New Order of. Edna Kenton. *Bookman.*
Dollar Mark, Evolution of the. Florian Cajori. *Pop. Science.*
Exploring Other Worlds—I. W. B. Hale. *World's Work.*
Eucken, Germany's Inspired Idealistic Philosopher. Thomas Seltzer . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Films, Fortunes in—II. Bennet Musson and Robert Grau . . . . . *McClure.*
Flight, My First. H. G. Wells . . . . . *American.*
Forestry, Practical. C. C. Andrews. . . *Popular Science.*
France's Way of Choosing a President. André Tridon . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Friendship, The Excitement of. R. S. Bourne . *Atlantic.*
German Political Parties and the Press. Price Collier. *Scribne .*
Gold, Turning Boulders into. A. L. Dahl. *World's Work.*
Gunnery, American. Robert Neeser . . *North American.*
Hand of the World. Helen Keller . . . . . *American.*
Hankin, St. John. John Drinkwater . . . . . *Forum.*
High Cost of Living, The. Irving Fisher. *North American.*
Human Wear and Tear. S. H. Wolfe . . . *Everybody's.*
Hungry Generations. W. M. Gamble. . . . . *Atlantic.*
Individual and Social Surplus, Genesis of. A. A. Tenney . . . . . *Popular Science.*
Industry, The Captain of. Holland Thompson. *Rev. of Revs.*
Insects as Agents in the Spread of Disease. C. T. Brues . . . . . *Popular Science.*
Insurance for Workingmen. B. J. Hendrick . . *McClure.*
Irish Poets, A Group of—II. Michael Monahan . *Forum.*
Jerusalem, Christian Worship in. T. E. Green . *Century.*
Johnson, Andrew, Impeachment of. H. G. Otis . *Century.*
Labor, The Battle Line of—II. S. P. Orth. *World's Work.*
Labor, The Philosophy of. W. M. Urban . . . *Atlantic.*
Longstreet, James. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. . . . *Atlantic.*
Loti, Pierre—Academician. A. B. Maurice . . *Bookman.*
Lowell, James Russell, C. E. Norton's Letters to. *Atlantic.*
Mediterranean, The Crisis in the. Roland G. Usher. *Forum.*
Meredith, George, Conversations with. J. P. Collins . . . . . *North American.*
Meredith, George, Letters of. Darrell Figgis. *No. Amer.*
Mission, The Inasmuch. Blair Jaekel. . . *World's Work.*
New York Newsboy, The. Jacob A. Riis . . . *Century.*
New York Policeman, Diary of a. A. H. Lewis . *McClure.*
North America and France—II. G. Hanotaux. *No. Amer.*

Numerals, Hindu-Arabic. E. R. Turner. *Popular Science.*
Panama Canal Zone, The. Farnham Bishop . . . *Century.*
Poetry, Contemporary, A Note on. H. Hagedorn. *No. Amer.*
Prayer, The Evolution of. Ellen Burns Sherman. *No. Amer.*
Presidential Preference Vote, A, and the Electoral College. John W. Holcombe . . . . . *Forum.*
Prices, Rising, and the Public. John Bauer. *Pop. Science.*
Race-Culture. Simeon Strunsky . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Railways, Drift toward Government Ownership of. B. L. Winchell . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Rubenstein, Recollections of. Lillian Nichia . . *Harper.*
Russia, The Trade of. J. D. Whelpley . . . . *Century.*
Scandinavian Painters of To-day. C. Brinton . . *Scribner.*
Science, The New. S. G. Smith . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Selling, High Cost of. B. F. Yoakum . . *World's Work.*
Short Story, How to Write a. Robert Barr . . *Bookman.*
Socialism, English, The Set-Back to. G. K. Chesterton . . . . . *Century.*
Statesmanship and the Universities. C. C. Hall. . *Forum.*
Stock Gambledom. Thomas W. Lawson . . *Everybody's.*
Swinburnian Hoax, The Great . . . . . *Bookman.*
Theatre, Children and the. Walter P. Eaton . *American.*
Tolstoy and Rockefeller. Maximilian Harden . *Bookman.*
Valentine, Basil. J. M. Stillman . . . *Popular Science.*
Vitalism, The New. John Burroughs . *North American.*
Votes for Three Million Women. Ida Harper. *Rev. of Revs.*
War, Perennial Bogey of. David S. Jordan. *World's Work.*
Wilderness, The Plunge into the. John Muir . *Atlantic.*
Woman, Good Will to. Ida M. Tarbell . . . *American.*
Women — III. Mabel P. Daggett . . . *World's Work.*
Women, The New Mohammedan. Saint Nihal Singh . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 204 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS.

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, Now First Put into Modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. Illustrated in color by Warwick Goble, large 8vo, 607 pages. "Modern Reader's Chaucer." Macmillan Co. $5. net.

Homer's Odyssey: A line-for-line translation in the metre of the original by H. B. Cotterill, M.A. Illustrated by Patten Wilson, large 4to, 335 pages. Dana Estes & Co. $5.50 net.

The Episodes of Vathek. By William Beckford; translated by Sir Frank T. Marzials, with Introduction by Lewis Melville. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. net.

The Bells and other Poems. By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated in color by Edmund Dulac, 4to. George H. Doran Co. $5. net.

South America. Painted by A. S. Forrest and Described by W. H. Koebel. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 230 pages. Macmillan Co. $5. net.

The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott. Illustrated, large 8vo, 366 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. net.

A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 279 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $4. net.

Dancing and Dancers of Today: The Modern Revival of Dancing as an Art. By Caroline and Charles H. Coffin. Illustrated large 8vo, 301 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $4. net.

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Holiday edition, illustrated in color from bas-reliefs by John Lockwood Kipling. Large 8vo, 335 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50 net.

English and Welsh Cathedrals. By Thomas Dinham Atkinson. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 370 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.

A Camera Crusade through the Holy Land. By Dwight L. Elmendorf. Illustrated, large 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. net.

The Art Treasures of Washington. By Helen W. Henderson. Illustrated, 8vo, 398 pages. L. C. Page & Co. $3. net.

She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated in color by Hugh Thomson, 4to, 198 pages. George H. Doran Co. $5. net.

Monaco and Monte Carlo. By Adolphe Smith. Illustrated in color, etc., by Charles Maresco Pearce, large, 8vo, 477 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.50 net.

Shakespeare's Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. Illustrated in color by W. Hatherell, large 8vo, 207 pages. George H. Doran Co. $5. net.

Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. By Edith Tunis Sale. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 286 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. net.

Memories of President Lincoln. By Walt Whitman. With photogravure portrait; printed on Italian hand-made paper, with old-style olive green Fabriano boards. 4to. Thomas B. Mosher. $3. net.

The Broad Highway. By Jeffery Farnol. Holiday edition, illustrated in color by C. E. Brock. 8vo, 518 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $3. net.

Our House and London out of Our Windows. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell, 8vo, 373 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

Fifty Water-Colour Drawings of Oxford. Reproduced in color, with brief descriptive notes, by Edward C. Alden. Large 8vo. Dana Estes & Co. $2.50 net.

Our Country Life. By Frances Kinsley Hutchinson. Illustrated, 8vo, 312 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $2. net.

The Shadow of the Flowers: From the Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Illustrated by Talbot Aldrich and Carl J. Nordell, 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2. net.

The Cities of Lombardy. By Edward Hutton. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 322 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

The Art of the Uffizi Palace and the Florence Academy. By Charles C. Heyl. Illustrated, 12mo, 364 pages. L. C. Page & Co. $2. net.

A Wanderer in Florence. By E. V. Lucas. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 390 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

A Book of Beggars. By W. Dacres Adams. Illustrated in color, large 4to. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Adventures of Kitty Cobb. Pictures and text by James Montgomery Flagg. 4to. George H. Doran Co. $2. net.

The Four Gardens. By Handasyde. Illustrated in color, etc., by Charles Robinson, 8vo, 161 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

The Mother Book. By Margaret E. Sangster. Decorated, 8vo, 392 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $2. net.

The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. Written by himself and edited by D. M. Moir. Illustrated in color by Charles Martin Hardie, 12mo, 355 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75 net.

The Sermon on the Mount. Illuminated in missal style by Alberto Sangorski. Large 8vo. Dana Estes & Co. $1.75 net.

The Lighter Side of Irish Life. By George A. Birmingham. Illustrated in color by Henry W. Kerr, 12mo, 270 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.75 net.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated in color by H. M. Brock, 8vo, 307 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

The Harbor of Love. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrated in color by George W. Plank and decorated by Edward Stratton Holloway. 12mo, 162 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. Illustrated in color by Paul Bransom, 12mo, 254 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Sweet Songs of Many Voices. Compiled by Kate A. Wright (Mrs. Athelstan Mellersh). With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 242 pages. H. M. Caldwell Co. $1.35 net.

Christmas: A Story. By Zona Gale. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 243 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.30 net.

The Maker of Rainbows, and Other Fairy-Tales and Fables. By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 105 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

Tales of the Untamed: Dramas of the Animal World. Adapted from the French of Louis Pergaud by Douglas English. Illustrated, 12mo, 211 pages. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.

The Lover's Baedeker and Guide to Arcady. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 115 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1. net.

Master Painters: Being Pages from the Romance of Art. By Stewart Dick. Illustrated, 12mo, 275 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25 net.

The Upas Tree: A Christmas Story for All the Year. By Florence L. Barclay. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 287 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1. net.

The Cat: Being a Collection of the Endearments and Invectives Lavished by Many Writers upon an Animal Much Loved and Much Abhorred. Collected, translated, and arranged by Agnes Repplier. Illustrated, 12mo, 172 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1. net.

Beauty and the Jacobin: An Interlude of the French Revolution. By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated, 12mo, 100 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1. net.

Blue-Bird Weather. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson, 12mo, 140 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1. net.

The Honorable Miss Moonlight. By Onoto Watanna. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 175 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1. net.

The Garden of Dreams. By Clarice Vallette McCauley. 12mo, 158 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25 net.

The World's Romances. New volumes: Tristan and Iseult, an Ancient Tale of Love and Fate, illustrated in color by Gilbert James; Siegfried and Kriemhild, a Story of Passion and Revenge, illustrated in color by Frank C. Papé. Large 8vo. Dana Estes & Co. Per volume, $1. net.

The Arnold Bennett Calendar. Compiled by Frank Bennett. 12mo, 128 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1. net.

Knocking the Neighbors. By George Ade. Illustrated, 12mo, 229 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1. net.

Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration. By Leona Dalrymple. Illustrated, 12mo, 62 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. 50 cts. net.

E. P. Dutton's Art Calendars for 1913. Comprising the following: Sweet Girlhood Calendar, $1.50; Our Dog Friends Calendar $1.25; Catholic Church Calendar, 75 cts.; That Reminds Me Calendar, 75 cts.; Fra Angelico Calendar, 75 cts.; Thoughts from the Poets Calendar, 75 cts.; Red Letter Kalendar, 50 cts.; The John Peel Calendar, 50 cts.; The Madonna Calendar, 50 cts.; Joy be to Thy Future Calendar, 50 cts.; Kindly Thoughts Calendar, 50 cts.; Phillips Brooks Calendar, 50 cts.; Proverb Pictures Calendar, 25 cts.

The Excuse Book; or, Pocket Life Preserver. Compiled, Tested and Verified by X. Q. Zmee. Illustrated, 12mo, 90 pages. John W. Luce & Co. 75 cts. net.

Cobb's Anatomy. By Irvin S. Cobb. Illustrated by Peter Newell, 12mo, 141 pages. George H. Doran Co. 75 cts. net.

Brotherly House. By Grace S. Richmond. Decorated, with frontispiece in color, by Thomas J. Fogarty. 12mo, 89 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cts. net.

Where the Heart Is: Showing That Christmas Is What You Make It. By Will Irwin. With frontispiece, 12mo, 73 pages. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cts. net.

Chasing the Blues. By R. L. Goldberg. Illustrated, 8vo. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cts. net.

Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Presents. By Rupert Hughes. 12mo, 121 pages. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cts. net.

For Our Mothers: To Honor Mother's Day. Compiled by Nell Andrews. 8vo, 70 pages. Fort Worth.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife: Further Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Illustrated, large 8vo, 395 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. net.

Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte. By Constance Hill. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 366 pages. John Lane Co. $5. net.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Volume II., 1837-1846; illustrated in photogravure, large 8vo, 421 pages. Macmillan Co. $3. net.

Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance. By John Leslie Garner. Illustrated, large 8vo, 320 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $3.25 net.

When I Was a Child. By Yoshio Markino. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 12mo, 281 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The Soldier-Bishop, Ellison Capers. By Walter B. Capers. Illustrated, 8vo, 365 pages. Neale Publishing Co. $3. net.

Memories of Victorian London. By L. B. Walford. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 348 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Memoirs of Delphine de Sabran, Marquise de Custine. From the French of Gaston Maugras and Le Cte. P. De Croze-Lemercier. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 384 pages. George H. Doran Co. $3. net.

Things I Can Tell. By Lord Rossmore. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 270 pages. George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

Memories. By Frederick Wedmore. 8vo, 230 pages. George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

The Autobiography of an Individualist. By James O. Fagan. 12mo, 290 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book during the Russo-Japanese War. By General Sir Ian Hamilton. Illustrated, 8vo, 444 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.10 net.

From My Hunting Day-Book. By His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 131 pages. George H. Doran Co. $2. net.

The Man Who Bucked Up. By Arthur Howard, 12mo, 279 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1. net.

One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry: His Experience and What He Saw during the War, 1861-1865. By John H. Worsham. Illustrated, 8vo, 353 pages. Neale Publishing Co. $2. net.

A Journey to Ohio in 1810: As Recorded in the Journal of Margaret Van Horn Dwight. Edited, with an Introduction, by Max Farrand. 8vo, 64 pages. Yale University Press. $1. net.

HISTORY.

The Sunset of the Confederacy. By Morris Schaff. With Maps, 8vo, 302 pages. John W. Luce & Co. $2. net.

The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army: An Examination of the Argument of the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and Others. By Randolph H. McKim, D. D. 12mo, 72 pages. Neale Publishing Co.

When the Ku Klux Rode. By Eyre Damer. 12mo, 152 pages. Neale Publishing Co. $1. net.

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